

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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LATEST BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

The question that caused this Battle of Books—and newspapers are eagerly rushing to the fray—is: Did General Sherman plan the March to the Sea? General Badeau and Mr. Dana—the one Grant's private secretary the other, Assistant Secretary of War—attributed the glory of it to Grant. Grant's other biographers—their name is legion—cry, "All Hail to Vicksburg's Hero as the true Hero of the March to the Sea!" General Sherman, in his "Memoirs," records the date when General Grant, for the first time, assented to the memorable March, and adds: "Although many of his (Grant's) warm friends and admirers insist that he was the author and projector of that march, and that I simply executed his plan, General Grant has never, in my opinion, thought so or said so." Accordingly, the General of the Army, brandishing his pen, and proclaiming that the March, which is conceded to be the most brilliant achievement of the war, was his own act, attacks and routs the host of the President's flatterers. Among the latter, the ex-Assistant Secretary of War can no longer be counted, and he, therefore, voluntarily retires from the field, leaving Badeau and the rest to defend themselves.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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SCIENCE A GUIDE IN POLITICS.

THE annual meeting of the American Social Science Association, which opened its sessions at Detroit on the 11th of May, and lasted four days, appears to have been an occasion of more than ordinary interest in the annals of this respectable body, which has now reached the tenth year of its activity, and gives good promise of growing usefulness and efficiency in the future. Thus far the Association has escaped in an unusual degree the peril which most easily besets such voluntary organizations in the United States—that of being swamped by the “weak, washy and everlasting flood” of the sciolists and pretenders who are so ready to rush in upon platforms on which only scholars and men of science should be allowed to tread. That prince of clerical wits, Sydney Smith (taking a hint from the well-known lines of Cowper), has made a mock of those who spend their lives in dropping empty buckets into empty wells, and who fritter away their age in trying to draw them up again. As Pope bemoaned in his day the literary prodigality of that “mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease”—Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more—so we often have occasion, in perusing the Transactions of more than one of our Learned Societies, to mourn over the dreary platitudes of the pseudo-scientists and would-be philosophers who, as Holofernes hath it in the play, draw out the thread of their verbosity so much finer than the staple of their argument.

The late Dr. Bethune was in the habit of dividing the articulate-speaking part of the animal world into “men who think,” and deluded mortals who “think that they think.” It gives us pleasure to say that the most of the articulate speakers who publish their screeds of doctrine from year to year under the auspices of the American Social Science Association appear to belong to the former of these classifications. They speak because they really have something to say which is the ripened fruit of study and thought. And hence it is that Mr. F. B. Sanborn, the General Secretary of the Society, was able to give such a good report of the Society's work, in his review of its transactions during the last ten years, as read at the late meeting in Detroit. And hence, too, the scholar-like calmness and judicial candor with which some among its members are able to treat the living political issues of the day, even where those issues are warm with the flesh and blood of hot and resentful controversy among the disputants engaged in the lower arena of our public debates.

Mr. Sanborn admits that the golden visions with which certain among the constituent members of the Society were bold to tinge their social speculations at the beginning of its career have long since been dissipated. At the date of its constitution, in 1865, before the high tides of patriotism, stirred up by the national enthusiasm of a great civil struggle, had even begun to subside, he says there was little which its members did not fancy themselves capable of achieving. Their hopes have been sobered, now that they sit in the mud and slime left by that bloody inundation. “We have come,” says the General Secretary, speaking as the official organ of his associates, “into one of those seasons of political and social collapse when the worst and most ignoble aspects of human nature offer themselves shamelessly, even proudly, to our view.” But, as he justly adds, if the opportunity for successful labor appeared more attractive to the disciples and missionaries of social science ten years ago than it does at the present time, the need of their labors was never so great as in “this very era of stagnation and corruption.”

It ought to occur equally to the most apathetic citizen and to the most determined adherent of the dominant party at Washington that the time must be very much out of joint when even the professors of social science are compelled to hold a language like this in describing the present political situation of the country. How comes it to pass that the country to-day, instead of climbing the Delectable Mountains towards which the sanguine theorists of 1865 were straining their wistful eyes, is actually floundering in the Slough of Despond? Why is it that the social philosopher feels constrained to come forth from his closet and, in spite of his republican predilections, to strengthen with words of truth and soberness the hands of a Bayard and a Thurman, who

are battling against corruption in the national forum, and of a Tilden and Wickham who are fighting the same battle in the domain of our State and City Governments? The answer to these questions may be found in another of the papers read before the Social Science Association at the recent sessions, and the answer, given as it is by a gentleman whose political prepossessions are all on the side of President Grant, is one which it deeply concerns all “independent voters,” in common with all other good citizens, to treasure up in their hearts with reference to the practical duties it suggests, as well as the theoretical politics which it inculcates.

We refer to the able paper read by the Hon. Dorman B. Eaton on the failure which has attended the recent experiment of Civil Service Reform in the United States. He finds the source of the failures not in the intrinsic difficulties of the problem, and not in errors of manipulation on the part of those who presided over the trial of the experiment, but in “the waning morality and patriotism of the party on whose support it relied.” In confirmation of this view he added: “In the three years since 1871, that party, or at least its managers, had suffered an eclipse of faith in the higher sentiments. Confident and arrogant from the long possession of power, it had more and more fallen under the control of leaders and officers given over to partisan and mercenary ambition. Sad evidence of this was on every hand. The unworthy officers and the scandalous abuses which disgraced the Administration in several of the reconstructed States; the mercenary greed and arbitrary methods of revenue officials, which alarmed and alienated the most upright citizen at the great financial centres; the confusion and flagrant disregard of economy and justice, at the very doors of Congress, in that district where its power was supreme; the revelations made by the Credit Mobilier disclosures, which damaged so many fair reputations and tainted the whole atmosphere of national politics; the so-called ‘Salary Grab,’ which showed how disastrous it is for party managers to fall below the moral tone of those they attempt to lead—these are but specimens of the many proofs of a demoralization in the dominant party perilous to any measure whose strength is in public virtue.”

After this pungent analysis of the underlying causes which explain the failure of Civil Service Reform under the present Administration, and while it remains in power, the hopelessness of any reform measure “whose strength is in public virtue,” Mr. Eaton proceeds to arraign President Grant for the large personal share he has had in the defeat and abandonment of the Civil Service rules established under his pretended patronage. “Sometimes,” says Mr. Eaton, “to those near him by the ties of blood, oftener to those near him by the ties of friendship, the President was obviously partial. In striking cases, when the spirit, but not the letter, of the rules was involved, he sadly fell below the duties of his position, and gave his enemies dangerous opportunities of attack. Blessed by patronage, he did not, as he might easily have done, wholly put a stop to assessments; and, yielding to his sympathy for the soldier, and to his love of obliging his friends, he tolerated departures from the rules in the lower grade of clerkships; but, far worse than all this, his unenthusiastic nature failed to give the impression of his real earnestness in the cause; and he never took it up with that stern resolution which its magnitude and the power of its adversaries demanded.”

There is so much justice and force in the considerations thus adduced by Mr. Eaton to explain the disgraceful surrender of President Grant to the baser elements in the Republican Party, that however much we applaud their motives, we have no sympathy to waste on the philosophical Wretches who are now retailing their sentimental sorrows on this subject, and gathering their tears into bottles for public preservation. Any man who had mother wit enough to preserve him from classification with Mark Twain's “Innocents Abroad” ought to have had enough of practical common sense to protect him from the folly of expecting Civil Service Reform at the hands of the Executive who retains his brother-in-law Casey in office at New Orleans, and who finds his choicest retainers in a Tom Murphy and a Boss Shepherd long after they have ceased to be tolerable to the rest of his adherents. Compelled as Mr. Eaton is to turn away in despair from the Republican Party in his ardent quest of reform, it is gratifying to find that, with an intelligence quickened by his recent experience, he now points to the Democratic Governor of the State of New York and the Democratic Mayor of the city of New York, as the most significant examples of real political reformers, inasmuch that, as he adds, “even while standing in the ashes of our own temple, we may be more hopeful.”

BANKING.

BANKING always has been, and probably always will continue to be, more or less of a mystery to the average citizen. In some parts of the country a furious hostility to banks, is still the prevailing sentiment, but in the Eastern and Middle States, where banks are better known, this feeling is confined to a few prejudiced and ignorant persons. In this article it is our intention to discuss a single

feature of the banking business, namely, the loans which the banks make to the public. Most of the money which the banks lend is either the property of the stockholders of the bank, or has been lent to the bank by its depositors. If the banks make loans on bad security and are unable to get their money back, the loss falls in the first place on their stockholders. Under the system of banking now established by the laws of Congress, it is a rare occurrence for a bank to make so bad a failure as to involve a loss to the depositors.

The true business of a banker has been defined to be the obtaining of employment for the capital of others. The banker acts as an intermediate party between those who possess capital seeking employment and those who have character, industry and enterprise, but want capital. His use is to facilitate, by the intervention of his judgment and personal security, the transfer of capital from one class to the other. In this country the banking business is mainly done by corporations, of which there are upwards of two thousand now in operation under the National Bank Act. Their paid-up capital is, in round numbers, five hundred million dollars, of which four-fifths is invested in the United States bonds which are deposited as security for the circulating notes. The remainder of the capital, the surplus fund and undivided profits, and the excess in the value of the bonds over the notes which they are held to secure, amounting in all to over three hundred million dollars, constituted a guarantee to the depositors, or creditors, of the banks against loss. The circulating notes received from the United States, the surplus funds and undivided profits, and the money left with the banks by their depositors, are, with the exception of from one-fourth to one-sixth, which is kept in cash in order to work the business, invested principally in loans to individuals and other banks, and in discounts of the notes of business men; and in this manner is accomplished the true purpose of the banking business, as set forth at the beginning of this paragraph.

The total amount loaned by the national banks of the United States now exceeds one thousand million dollars, and is nearly double what it was ten years ago. This does not include the investments by the banks in United States bonds. The amounts loaned by private bankers and State banks are not known, but are probably five hundred millions more. Insurance companies, savings banks, trust companies and similar institutions usually demand security for their advances, but there is no essential difference between their loans and those of the banks. If we allow one thousand million dollars more for capital borrowed from insurance companies, savings banks, etc., we shall have two thousand five hundred million dollars as the amount of capital borrowed for various purposes from the institutions we have named—a sum larger than the national debt. The one question of vital consequence to the future of these institutions is, are these debts good? Saving banks and insurance companies ought to be well secured against losing the money which has been intrusted to them, and we have no doubt that in the majority of cases they are. Banks of discount, however, must be expected to have at all times a share of debts which are good for nothing. The best business man is not the one who never loses anything by bad debts, but the one who makes the largest profit on his capital. Bad debts are a necessary incident if a bank is doing a proper and active business. But it is not the business of bank managers to talk about their bad debts, or to publish the amount of them. All that the public can ask is an honest account of the earnings of the bank when a dividend is declared. It is beyond question that the great depression in business and fall in the money value of most kinds of property must have inflicted severe losses on many banks. The danger is that some of those banks, instead of acknowledging their losses, scoring off their bad debts and reducing their dividends to a level with their actual earnings, will attempt to make as fair a showing of profits as ever, and thereby increase their difficulties. They may very likely be afraid of weakening their credit, but they must beware of sacrificing too much for the sake of keeping up appearances. Every experienced man of business knows that the banks must have met with losses since 1873. Why, then, not make them good by allowing the profits to accumulate? The surest way of retaining the confidence of the public is to deserve it by an open and manly course of dealing with the public.

THE MOUTHS OF THE
MISSISSIPPI.

THE Mississippi is certainly the most remarkable river in the world. Its name has more double letters in it than the name of any other river of half its fame, and those double letters are probably harder for the average writer and speller to keep in their proper order than are the double letters of any other word in the English language. Its floods and its crevasses, its snags, its shifting sand-bars and its steamboats, with the original people who inhabit them are things peculiarly American—things of national notoriety, if not of national pride. The Amazon is the biggest river, but the Mississippi is the longest—a fact

whereupon patriotic school geographies used to dwell with no little emphasis. It is long, too, in the right direction. Traversing such varieties of climate, production and industry as it does, it is the most valuable highway of internal commerce that art could devise or that nature could have supplied. Through its estuaries there also passes no small proportion of the import and export trade of the Mississippi Valley. The city of New Orleans grew rich and great in the past, and is seemingly destined to grow far richer and greater in the future, mainly by collecting tolls upon the cotton, sugar, grain, etc., which go out, and upon the foreign merchandise, and upon the coffee, fruits, and other West Indian, South American and Mexican products which come in through the mouths of the Mississippi for consumption in Western and Southern States. If the present strong indications of progress in Mexico and in many of the Central and South American countries shall be verified, those countries must doubtless become large and increasing consumers of American products, such as iron, coal, meat, grain, etc., which are largely produced in the States of the Mississippi Valley and find easy, direct and cheap transportation down the Mississippi River to the Gulf. By the same tokens American imports from these countries should steadily increase with their progress in civilization. However great may be the misfortunes which have befallen the great city of New Orleans during the unhappy decade now closing, she is, and by virtue of her position must remain, the queen of our Western Mediterranean, from the commerce of which she can hardly fail always to derive an imperial revenue.

But the Mississippi is the most capricious, as well as the longest, of rivers, and the enormous commerce which it invites, it also impedes in the most tantalizing way at its exit to the Gulf. The river carries in suspension an enormous quantity of earthy matter which it deposits in the Gulf, forming bars immediately in front of its several outlets to the sea. The formation and the steady seaward progress of these bars present one of the most interesting phenomena in hydraulic science. The water of the river, even at its estuaries, is a little above the level of the Gulf. It is also of less density than the salt water of the Gulf. Owing to these causes the river-water, instead of plowing its way straight into the waters of the Gulf, tends to spread itself out in a thinning and widening current overlying the salt water and depositing its silt over a comparatively wide area of gulf bottom. In this way bars are formed which the diverted current is too feeble to erode or scour out. In time the river, by constant deposits, builds banks for itself upon the bar. By constant additions to these banks the channel is narrowed, and the confined current deepens its bed while the mouths of the river and their bars are steadily projected further into the Gulf. The rate of this seaward progress is about 100 feet a year. At the South Pass, the central one of the three main outlets of the Mississippi, there is now but seven feet of water on the bar, while there is full thirty feet of water in the river channel two miles above the bar. The problem of securing and maintaining a deep-water channel from the Mississippi to the sea for the ingress and egress of large vessels has in these latter years of heavy ocean steamers become a national problem. Numerous solutions have been suggested, and some of them—dredging, for instance—more or less successfully practiced. The board of engineers appointed under the Act of Congress approved June 23d, 1874, to report a plan for maintaining the requisite depth of water at the mouth of the Mississippi, after a careful inspection of the engineering works at the mouths of the more important European rivers, and a thorough survey of the Mississippi delta, reported that the desired object could be attained either by a ship-canal connecting the river with the Gulf at Fort St. Philip or other suitable point above the delta, or by a system of jetties at the lower end of one of the passes. Preference was given by the committee in its report to the construction of jetties in the South Pass, mainly because it was thought that that outlet, though smaller than the Southwest Pass, would be adequate to the needs of commerce if it were properly improved, and because the cost of improving it would be less than the cost of any other of the suggested works. The first cost of the Fort St. Philip Canal, plus the annual cost of maintenance, capitalized at five per cent, was estimated by the Board at \$11,514,200; the total cost of the South Pass jetties, similarly estimated, was placed at \$7,942,110, and of the Southwest Pass jetties at \$16,053,124. Notwithstanding the great estimated cost of the latter work, Congress assented to the urgent appeals made in its behalf by Captain Eads, and authorized him to construct it, the more willingly because Captain Eads demands no money of Congress until the work shall be completed or well under way. The principle of these jetties is simple. It is merely proposed to begin the construction of parallel dikes or jetties at thirty feet of water inside the bar, and carry them over the bar to thirty feet of water in the Gulf. The current thus confined, and prevented from spreading, will be forced to scour out its own channel, and to maintain the required depth of from twenty-five to thirty feet of water. To prevent the formation of

new bars at the mouth of the pass, those jet-ties, which are to be built of alternate layers of wicker-rafts and stone, will have to be prolonged about 100 feet a year. It is to be hoped, in the interests of our present and prospective national commerce, that this great and much-needed work will be pushed to a speedy and successful termination.

"TO LET."

PROBABLY at no time until this year have there been found so many houses untenanted after the 1st of May. All over the city, bills "To Let" can still be met with, and real-estate agents say it is the dull season they have known for twenty-five years. And still, moving-day was closely observed in the metropolis, with processions of furniture-carts and broken crockery lining many of the side-streets. A great deal of it, however, went to the storehouse and auction-room. The truth is, the effect of last year's hard times is only now beginning to tell upon our population, and never within our recollection have so many families given up housekeeping. It is that same spirit of economy forced upon the masses by the reaction which set in with the panic of 1873, and which, last year, told so dreadfully upon places of amusements, next upon the retail shops, and finally has reached the household. With profits curtailed, and merchandise on hand not worth within thirty per cent of last year's prices, even the otherwise well-to-do merchant—finding his landlord unyielding, except in a small reduction of rent, coal and gas still at the same old prices, and servants' wages no cheaper—has been compelled for self-protection's sake to abandon the luxury of keeping house. Boarding-houses in this city are actually overflowing to-day, and wherever they are well managed, proprietors are reaping a rich harvest. In some instances those who have heretofore kept house have taken to flats, but unfortunately there is not a sufficiently large supply of them at moderate rents. New York, it is true, is improving in this regard, as along Upper Broadway, especially in the neighborhood of Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets, apartment-buildings are now being erected after the plan of "The Albany," which covers the entire block between Fifty and Fifty-first Streets, and where thirty suits of rooms have been rented at prices quite remunerative to the owners of the property. Still they are too high-priced for a large and influential class of the community—those who have fixed incomes ranging from \$1,500 to \$2,500 per annum. This class, thrifty and economical, seek lodgings in respectable localities, and cannot afford to pay more than from forty to sixty dollars per month. As yet, such accommodations are lacking in this city, and hence the numerous empty houses found all over the city since the 1st of May. This class, then, is driven to boarding-houses or to the suburbs—in most cases to the former, as the ice-bridges of the past Winter have changed the determination of a goodly number in this regard. In order well to understand how all this tends, nevertheless, to keep up the rents in favored localities, it must be remembered that the shrewd landlord, who naturally looks only to the best return he can get for his investments, well knows that wherever a family gives up housekeeping his house can be leased, as a last resort, for a boarding-house, when he can always get his full rent. In Fourteenth Street, to-day, the entire block between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, with the exception of the Van Buren Mansion, is occupied by boarding-housekeepers—in one instance, five houses being kept by one proprietor; in another, four. Could a sufficient number of flats be found at moderate rents, of course boarding-housekeepers would not reap such a harvest; but, in their absence, those who must of necessity live in the city have stored their furniture and moved into boarding-houses, patiently waiting for either better times or cheaper rents.

The much-abused draymen, too, have found out, to their cost, this year that May Day was not such a great placer for them. Whether scared by the officially published schedule of rates, or impressed by the laments of disappointed housewives, it cannot be denied their tone this year was anything but imperious, nor were their demands excessive, and instead of being scoffed at by a thoughtless community, these hard-worked men should have something said in their favor. Could these men be called to tell their May-day story, some people would be astonished to hear that often they are compelled to take pieces of furniture in payment of their charges, or are obliged to wait for months before receiving their hard-earned pay. And, indeed, it is not only hard, but responsible, work. In many families the drayman in charge is held accountable for breakages, and should a mirror or picture be damaged he may lose even more than he has made in half a dozen May Days. Having to deal on such a day with excitable, half-crazy people, his work is often interfered with either by a dyspeptic householder or quarrelsome mother one of whom insists that this must go first, and the other says that it must go last, and while one fears that things will break on the cart if he packs any more furniture on it, paterfamilias is apt to scold because the cartman takes such small loads so as to increase the

amount of the bill. Between the two, and often three, persons in a family who thus annoy the poor drayman, he steadily keeps at his work, and towards evening astonishes the movers that he has transferred them to their new abode without leaving even an old inkstand behind in the abandoned house. Still, the cartman, who succeeds in getting all of his pay on May-day evening is happy that the day with all its vexations is over, and with a grim smile on his countenance he leaves the family and their transported household goods to their own resources, well knowing that their vexations have only just begun. Indeed, even in this age of reform, the man who could all of a sudden abolish May Day and its attendant aggravations and nuisances would be hailed as public benefactor.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING MAY 22, 1875.

Monday.....	@ 116	Thursday.....	@ 116½	@ 116½
Tuesday.....	@ 116	Friday.....	@ 116½	@ 116½
Wednesday.....	@ 116½	Saturday.....	@ 116½	@ 116½

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE LATEST CENTENNIAL IDEA.—The proposal by the Paris *Figaro* that France shall postpone taking vengeance on Germany for a hundred years.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE is noted by the Paris *Moniteur*—that the steamship *Schiller* was wrecked on the very anniversary of the death, in 1805, of the German poet whose name it bore.

THE WHIPPING-POST AND THE PILLORY are still adhered to by Delaware, but the fact that several of the last batch of culprits subjected to the lash had already undergone the same torture, might make even benighted Delaware doubt the efficacy of its antiquated modes of punishment.

THE TRANSFUSION PROCESS IN POLITICS.—The Detroit *Free Press* pertinently asks: If Grant really cannot get rid of his Secretary of the Interior, why can't he improve him by the transfusion process that helped Frank Blair so much? A few ounces of good, honest, incorruptible blood would make another man of Delano.

THE FOREST FIRES IN PENNSYLVANIA were happily extinguished by rain. Can no practicable plan be devised for systematically preventing the destruction of millions of property, and the reduction of thousands of people to homelessness and misery, by a conflagration kindled by a spark from a passing locomotive, or the bivouac-fires of a band of reckless tramps?

THE NEW COMMISSARY-GENERAL OF SUBSISTENCE of the United States Army is Major Robert Macfeely, a graduate of West Point in 1851. From the time of his graduation he saw continual service in all parts of the country in the Commissary Department, and from 1865 he was Chief Commissary of General Sheridan's Military Division. He is very popular in the service, and deserves his promotion.

THE WONDERFUL RECUPERATIVE POWERS of the French people are evinced not only by their prompt payment of their war debt to Germany, but by the quantity—to say nothing of the quality—of their art production. The Paris Salon this year exhibits 2,019 oil paintings; 808 drawings, water-colors, chalks, miniatures and enamels on china and copper; 620 pieces of sculpture; 46 medals, etc.; 105 architectural designs, 230 engravings, and 34 lithographs.

THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE adjourned on Saturday, May 22d. It is at least entitled to the somewhat dubious compliment paid to it by the *Tribune*, that "No legislation is certainly preferable to bad legislation, and of this negative sort of praise the Legislature of 1875 is not undeserving. If they have failed to do what they should have done, they have equally failed in doing many bad things which they might have done." The most conspicuous demerit of the Legislature was its failure to deal energetically with the Canal Ring. Such a failure was a deplorably illogical sequel to the startling disclosures and wise recommendations of Governor Tilden's Message on Canal Frauds.

MR. DISRAELI has recently shown grave signs of losing his head. The declining superstition that he is a great parliamentary tactician was almost exploded by the signal lack of judgment displayed by him during the discussion of Lord Hartington's resolutions on Parliament and the press. By a feeble speech on one day and a violent speech on another, he provoked the *Spectator* to say that the first was no more compensated by the second than a stroke of paralysis is compensated by a stroke of apoplexy. "Dizziness may be caused either by want of blood in the brain, or by determination of blood to the brain; and the one morbid condition only aggravates the other." Mr. Disraeli seems to be more entitled than ever to his familiar appellation of "Dizzy," and it is not surprising that rumors of his approaching resignation of the Premiership are rife.

THE PATRONAGE OF THE FINE ARTS in England increases as town life and plutocracy increase. This is attested by the enormous trade done by Messrs. Agnew, the great picture-buyers. It is no unusual circumstance for these gentlemen to spend £20,000 in purchases at a single sale at Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods, and though it is true that their transactions are usually on commission, they are, nevertheless, responsible for all that is knocked down to them. At one of the sittings of a Parliamentary Committee, last month, Mr. William Agnew stated that his firm had, for the past ten years, sent pictures by railways and other public conveyances to the value of two million sterling (£10,000,000) per annum. A corresponding growth in the picture trade is beginning in the United States, but it has by no means yet attained such vast proportions.

COLONEL L. D. R. ANTHONY, editor of the *Leavenworth Times*, and postmaster of the city, who was shot by W. W. Embury of the *Appeal*, has led a most remarkable life—one full of adventure and personal recklessness. During the Rebellion he was in command of the Seventh Kansas Cavalry. In 1862, while in Western Tennessee, scores of negroes came into his camp. General Mitchell ordered that all slaves coming into the lines of his command should be returned to their masters. Colonel Anthony read this order to his men while on dress parade, and then declared: "This is the order, and I'll shoot the first man in this regiment who obeys it." When his sister, Susan B. Anthony, reached his side after Embury shot him, he told her he would soon be up; and she replied she believed it, for she had never known him to undertake a matter that he did not accomplish.

EUROPEAN PEACE AND THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL. A European war is happily, for the present, removed from the list of immediate possibilities. War in Europe on a large scale would have had a bad effect on our Centennial Exhibition. The Centennial, in fact, as an international affair, would have been a failure. It is now no longer doubtful that, but for the active interference of Russia and England, all the horrors of the late Franco-German War would have been repeated. The Czar Alexander and Mr. Disraeli have won golden opinions from all who truly love the peace and prosperity of the nations. As the war-cloud is now dispersed, and we are guaranteed at least a year of peace, there is a fair prospect of success for the first American Centennial show. It is for Americans themselves now to put their shoulders to the wheel. It ought to be the grandest National Exhibition ever yet made.

A NEW EAST INDIAN DIFFICULTY.—Great Britain is likely soon to have serious trouble with her Indian Empire. In his treatment of the Guikowar, Lord Northbrook has made a great blunder. It was evident that by appointing a commission before which the Indian Prince should be tried, the Viceroy intended to make a grand sensation—a sensation such as India had not experienced since the days of Warren Hastings. The commission, however, disappointed the Governor-General. It did not find the Guikowar guilty. Lord Northbrook, by taking the case back into his own hands, and de-throning the Guikowar and depriving his issue of all rights of succession, thus playing the part of despot, has made a bad exhibition of British justice. Lord Northbrook has killed himself politically; but what is worse, he has seriously damaged British influence in India. In these times, blunders such as that which Lord Northbrook has made are more injurious than a Russian invasion. Lord Northbrook will, no doubt, be recalled; but his recall will not undo the evil which has been done. The world is not anxious for another Indian uprising.

BENJAMIN H. HILL, of Georgia, has been elected to fill a vacancy in the next Congress. He is a man of marked ability, and holds high rank both as an orator and a lawyer. He was the only rival of Yancey in the Confederate Senate, and upon one occasion emphasized an argument by drawing blood from the head of that representative with an inkstand. He was born in Jasper County, Ga., September 14th, 1823, and was educated in the University of his native State. He began the practice of law in 1845. From 1851 to 1861 nearly all his public addresses were pleas for the preservation of the Union, and many of his remarks were quite prophetic. He opposed the scheme of Secession, but after Georgia withdrew from the Union he cast his fortunes with her. He presided over the first Democratic State Convention held after the war. He opposed the Reconstruction Acts, but when they became law he urged with all the eloquence of his nature explicit obedience. Since the war his speeches have been moderate in tone and liberal in spirit. If schemes of oppression are broached in the next Congress, Mr. Hill will make some fur fly pretty quickly.

ART IN ENGLAND.—The London journals have been unusually severe upon this year's Exhibition at the Royal Academy. Their censures, however, may prove that English critics have improved in taste rather than that English artists have deteriorated in talent. According to the critics, it is only upon the dishonorable assumption that painting is a merely mechanical operation that the present exhibition can be considered "good." It comprises, no doubt, a large number of works for which such praise as belongs to skillful manipulation may fairly be claimed; but amid the dense array of pictures with which the walls are covered how few there are which evince those higher qualities of intellect and thought without which pictures, the richest in color and the most elaborate in workmanship, are nothing better than "gilded loam and painted clay." At the Royal Academy dinner, Mr. Disraeli dwelt, says the *Standard*, on the special disadvantages under which the English artist labors. "He is not blessed with the inspiration of atmosphere. Nature puts on for him her soberest and most ungenial garb. He has no 'purple skies' to teach him color, nor graceful forms and picturesque gestures to feed his idea of beauty and to stimulate his invention. The London fog invades his studio, the 'long, unlovely' London streets encompass him about. That in spite of these impediments English Art has obtained in its own country so much favor, which, in landscape at least, it so well deserves, is highly creditable to our national spirit. And if we cannot find on the walls of the Academy all those materials of consolation on which Mr. Matthew Arnold has dwelt—if we are not so assured as he is against the inroads of barbarism—if we are not convinced that we are still Greeks, or from the evidences around us that clasp and the conventional are banished, and Art works, as it used to do, by taking its law from the living forces of true nature, and not from 'the form and purpose of the passing day,' it is because we are bound to prefer the interests of truth to the instincts of patriotism."

GENERAL CUSTER ON THE BLACK HILLS AND THE BIG HORN.—A *Herald* correspondent has been inter-

viewing General Custer. The correspondent gives the following picture of the famous Indian conqueror: "He was attired in evening dress, with a rose blooming on the lapel of his coat. He is tall, lithe, well-formed, with soft, light hair, a blonde mustache and a smooth face. A person unacquainted with him would little suspect that he is the terror of the blood-thirsty Sioux. His keen blue eyes look straight into the eyes of the listener, and his courteous and sincere manner puts one at ease on first entering the room. When animated, his eyes flash and his nerves seem touched with fire." The General, in answer to a question as to whether it was safe to go to the Black Hills district for any purpose said: "I suppose that because a small party of miners managed to get through in safety last Fall others think they can also go there with the same success. The Indians are quiet now, and offering no armed resistance, because they have been told by the military officers that the Government will drive the intruders out. They are waiting to see if the Government will keep its word. But the moment they think it is not acting in good faith there will be a rising of every tribe between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains which is interested in this country. It is the height of folly for parties to imagine that they can march across the Plains after the Indians are on the warpath. And if they should reach the hills and not be killed outright the formation of the country is such that they would be prevented from leaving their strongholds or places of concealment." Speaking of the Big Horn Country, General Custer said: "A few persons had contrived in the past, when the Indians were not troublesome, to enter a portion of it, and they returned with wonderful stories of the riches hidden there, and fine specimens of gold were shown as proof. General Sheridan in his letter to General Sherman corroborates this view, and he thinks that the wealth of the Big Horn country will be found to surpass that of the Black Hills. Beyond report, nothing positive is known about it." In reply to a question regarding the difference between the Wind River and the Big Horn, the General said: "I am very glad that you ask me this question. It is one that needs explanation. From the source of Wind River to the point where it enters the cañon it is known as Wind River; but from the point where this same river emerges from the mountains in the north to the place where it enters the Yellowstone it is called the Big Horn. This, of course, gives rise to much confusion, and there is no reason why it should not bear the same name all along."

RAPID TRANSIT.—The late session of the Legislature did not pass without the usual excitement over rapid transit, which ought to be very rapid when at last we get it, considering that it is very slow in coming. Perhaps the Husted Bill, which is said to embody the views of the Governor, holds out more inducements to capitalists than any of the numerous charters which have heretofore been granted. Of that, however, we are not in a position to judge. We think there is a disposition on the part of the public to overrate the powers of the Legislature in this matter. The Legislature, as we understand it, is not asked to provide for the construction and operation of a road at the cost of the city of New York. An increase of \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000 in the city debt at the present time for such a purpose would be wholly without justification. Neither has the Legislature been asked to bestow any special privileges on any private corporation which may undertake to supply this great want, such as immunity for a given period from taxation, or an absolute monopoly for a reasonable period. In short nothing more has yet been asked of the Legislature by the public than to remove obstacles to the free movement of capital in this direction by granting an eligible route and providing against interference under the half-dozen charters already obtained. This of itself is a work of no little difficulty. But suppose all legal impediments to have been removed and all proper facilities, short of guaranteeing a monopoly, or granting direct aid, offered to private capitalists to undertake the work, it would still remain open to doubt whether a road would soon be built. Within three years there has been a great change in the disposition of men of property to embark their wealth in doubtful undertakings. Risks are now carefully avoided which a few years ago would have been eagerly courted. The building of a rapid-transit railroad of adequate capacity, durability and safety, which at the same time will not be a public nuisance, involves a vast expenditure and a considerable risk. If the Brooklyn Bridge should be completed and should become a grand thoroughfare, the problem of rapid transit would be greatly simplified. But the Brooklyn Bridge is itself still an untried experiment. No one knows when it will be completed, or to what extent it will be made use of when it is finished. But if, as seems possible, and even probable, the bridge should be the means of turning a mighty stream of travel into New York at the City Hall, the necessary complement to that great work would seem to be a line of railroad, to be operated by steam, or some motive power of equal efficiency, beginning, say at the City Hall in Brooklyn, crossing the East River, and proceeding up the Bowery and Third Avenue to the Harlem River, or else connecting with Mr. Vanderbilt's enlarged railroad at the Forty-second Street Depot. To return to matters of fact, this is certain, that the egg which contains that noble bird, Rapid Transit, is not yet hatched, and, in all probability, has not even been deposited in the nest.

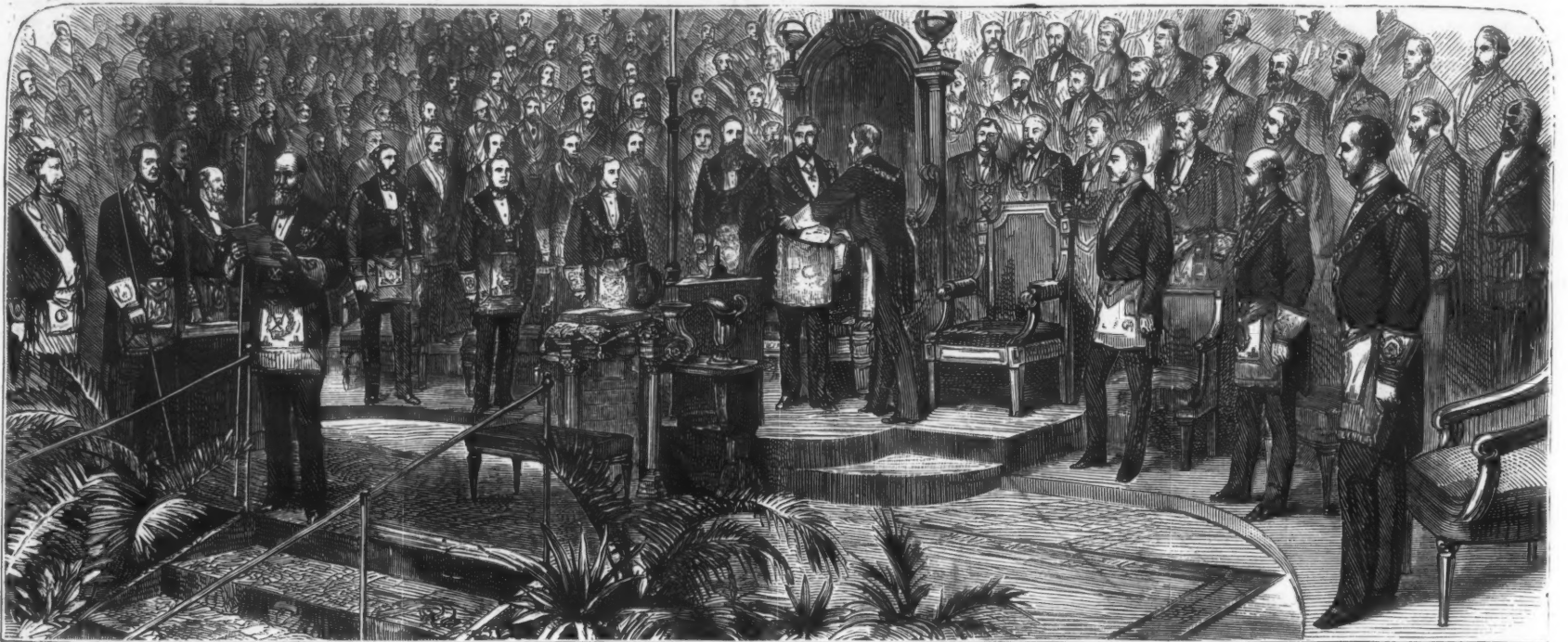
OBITUARY NOTICE.

MAY 16th.—At Connersville, Ind., Jonathan Morris, ex-Member of Congress from the Fifth District of Ohio.

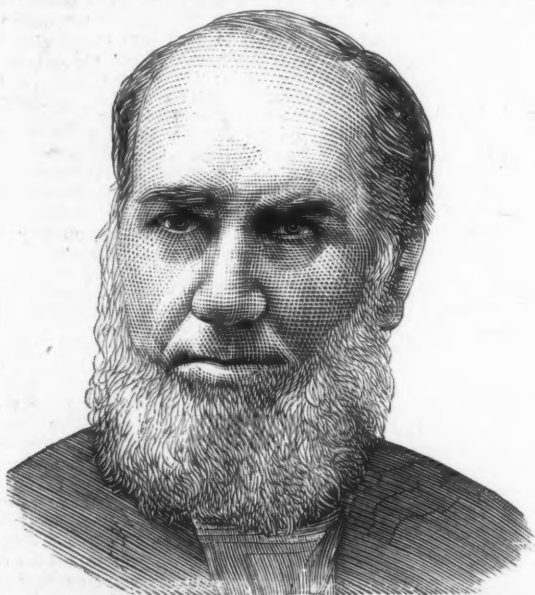
17th.—At Lexington, Ky., John C. Breckinridge, a prominent politician of the West, formerly United States Senator, Vice-President, and Confederate General, aged 54.

20th.—At Baltimore, Jesse D. Bright, ex-United States Senator from Indiana, aged 63. In 1862 he was expelled from the Senate for his open avowal of secession.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 203.



ENGLAND.—THE MASONIC INSTALLATION OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ALBERT HALL, LONDON.—THE PRO-GRAND MASTER (EARL OF CARNARVON) LEADING THE PRINCE TO THE GRAND MASTER'S THRONE.



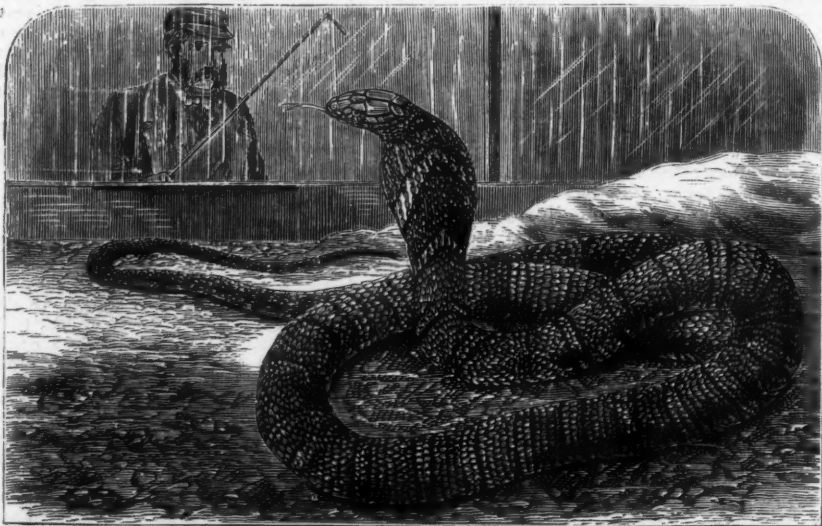
SIR ALBERT WILLIAM WOODS, GRAND DIRECTOR OF CEREMONIES AT THE ROYAL MASONIC INSTALLATION.



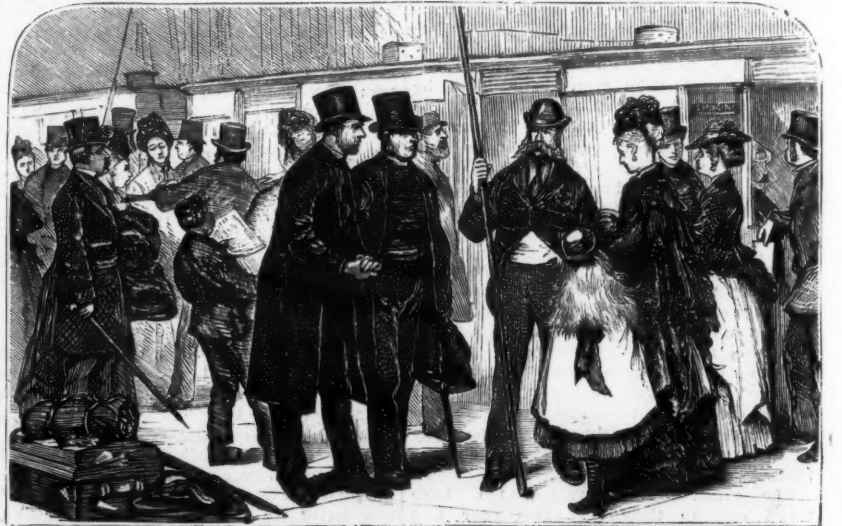
MR. JOHN HERVEY, GRAND SECRETARY OF THE GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND



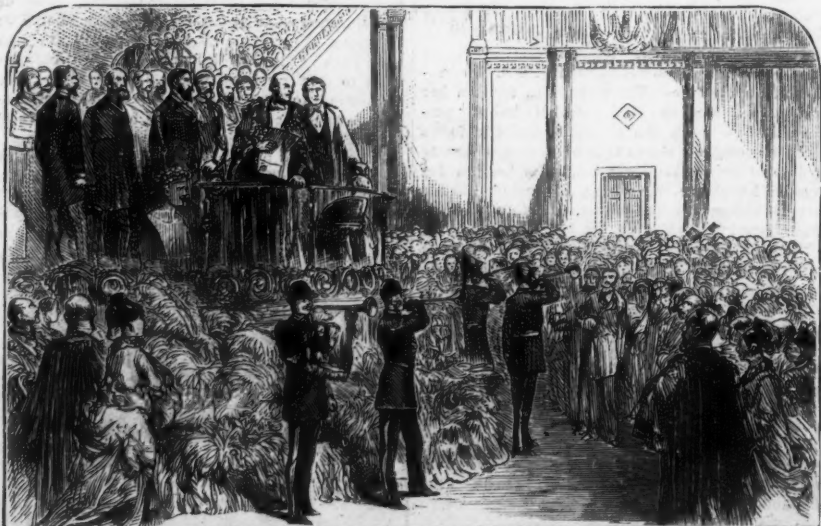
THE LATE SIR ARTHUR HELPS, K. C. B.



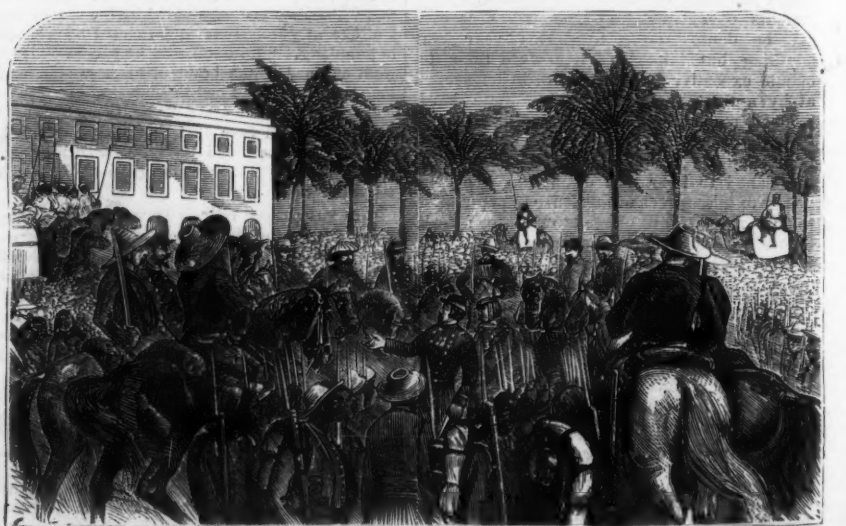
ENGLAND.—THE NEW SNAKE EATING SNAKE (OPHIOPHAGUS ELAPS) AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, LONDON.



FRANCE.—PILGRIMS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY ON THE WAY TO LOURDES AND PONTIGNY.



ENGLAND.—THE LORD MAYOR DECLARING THE ALEXANDRA PALACE OPEN.



SENEGAL, WEST AFRICA.—RECEPTION OF COLONEL VALLIÈRE, OF THE FRENCH EXPEDITIONARY COLUMN SENT TO CAYOR, ON HIS RETURN TO SAINT-LOUIS.

GEORGE W. WALLING,
SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.

THE recent trial of Superintendent Walling on the charge of detaining prisoners beyond a time specified by law has again brought the name of that efficient officer before the public. The charges were based upon his action in the matter of the arrest of the Adams Express Company robbers, and the specifications were that he refused to allow the counsel of the prisoners to have communication with them, and that instead of sending them to a magistrate within a given time, he held them at Police Headquarters. One of the men, John Sweeny, turned State's evidence; and another, Daniel Hanry, a driver of the Company at

yet his action was a technical violation of the law, and he was sentenced to forfeit ten days' pay.

Mr. Walling is a native of Middletown, Monmouth County, N. J., and was fifty-two years of age on the 1st of May. He is remarkable for physical courage, far-seeing prudence and inflexible will. Intending, in early life, to become a lawyer, he entered upon the preparatory study; but this programme was entirely set aside by the death of his father in 1842, and George went into steamboating. He served during the Mexican war on the revenue cutter *J. C. Spencer*, and took up his residence in New York city at the close of that struggle.

On the 22d of December, 1847, he was appointed a police officer by Mayor Brady, from the Third Ward, and served until June of the following year in that capacity: then being detailed to the First

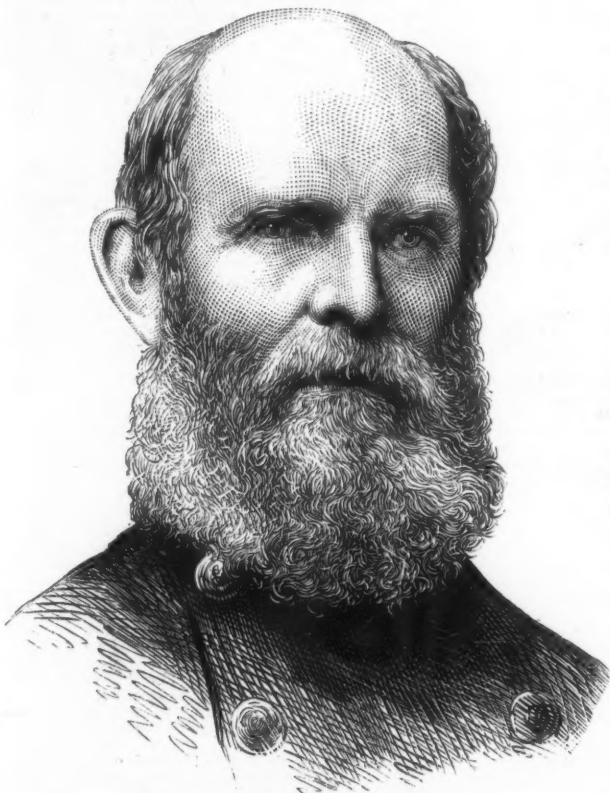
District Police Court. In the Fall of 1848 Mayor Havemeyer appointed him Inspector of Stages at the City Hall, in which position he remained until September 30th, 1853. Mr. Matsell was then Chief of Police, and police appointments were made by the Mayor, Recorder and City Judge. Acting upon the suggestion of Mr. Havemeyer and Chief Matsell, Mayor Westervelt, Recorder Tillou and City Judge Beebe designated Mr. Walling as a Captain of Police, and gave him command of the Eighteenth Ward. Upon the death of Inspector Carpenter, in 1866, Captain Walling was promoted to the position thus made vacant. He held it until July 23d, 1874, when he was appointed Superintendent to succeed James J. Kelso.

Mr. Walling's connection with the police force has been a most eventful one. In 1857 he was detailed to protect the Quarantine grounds at Staten Island and Sequin's Point, during the yellow-fever war. He had scarcely been relieved, when the people mobbed the place and set the buildings on fire. This led to his being returned, and also to the encampment of the State militia, for several weeks, upon the island. His courage and prudence were put to the severest tests during the draft

riots of 1863, and, as in the case of the Astor Place disturbance over Macready, the tragedian, Mr. Walling's conduct received the highest commendation. On the 12th of July, 1871, he and Inspector Jamieson led the police force through the memora-

ble Orange riots, and were constantly exposed to the fury of the mob.

In every sphere of duty Mr. Walling has proven himself a faithful, fearless, indefatigable officer, and his action in the case that led to his trial is more to be commended than reprehended. The world has ever been ready to give the fullest praise to heroes -- and Mr. Walling certainly is a hero -- when they accomplish a worthy object, even at the cost of a technical violation of law.



NEW YORK CITY.—POLICE SUPERINTENDENT GEORGE W. WALLING.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. D. FREDERICKS & CO.

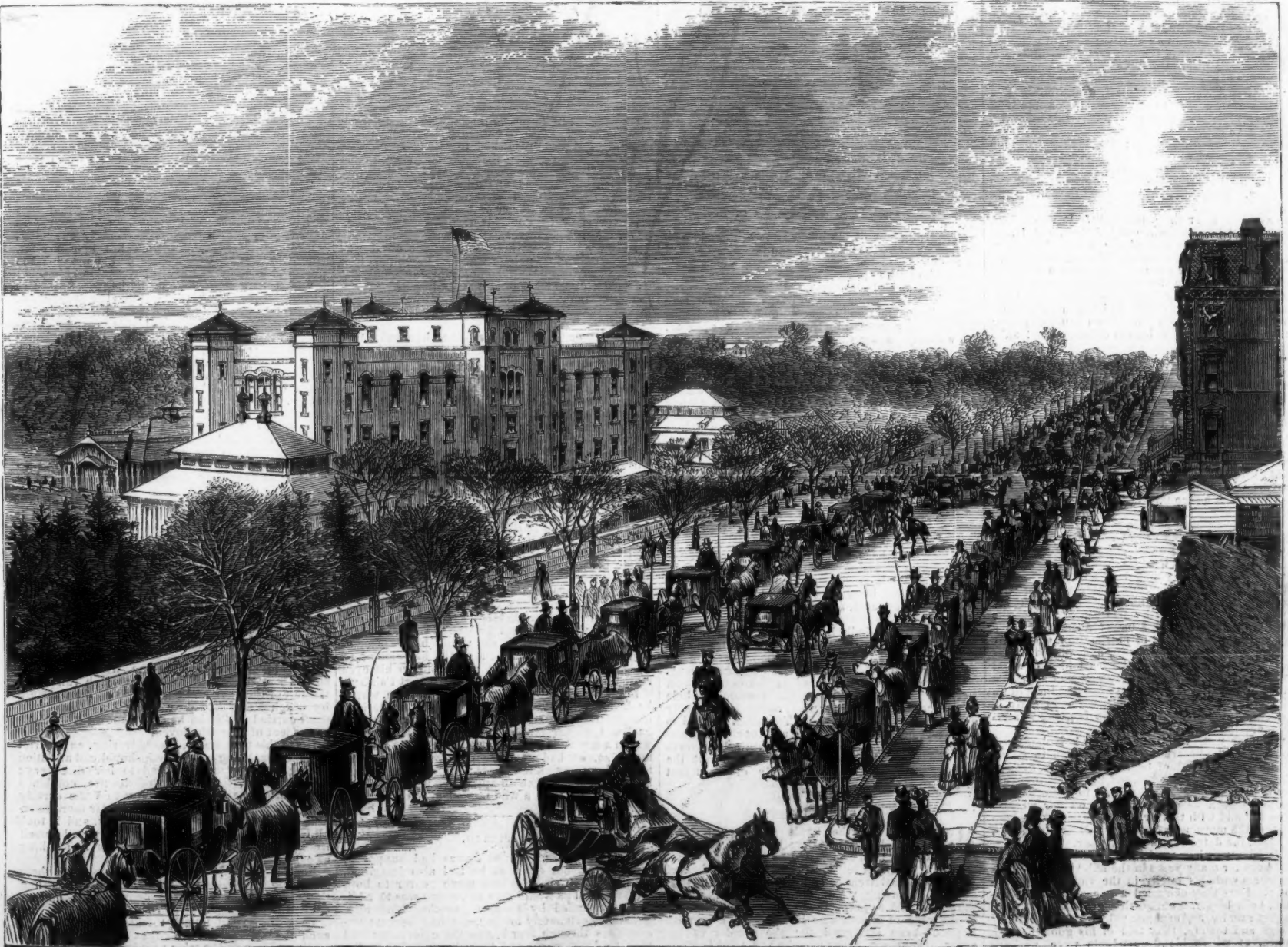
the time of the robbery, was sent to Sing Sing for three years. The money, \$65,000, was found and restored to the Company. Although it is believed the robbers might have escaped conviction if the Superintendent had not adopted extreme measures,



RHODE ISLAND.—FIRST BAPTIST MEETING HOUSE, PROVIDENCE, ERECTED A. D. 1775.

CENTENNIAL OF THE MEETING-HOUSE
OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE First Church, in Providence, which is the oldest of the Baptist denomination in America according to Governor Winthrop, "was planted," says the historian David Benedict, "in the year 1639. Its first members were twelve in number,



NEW YORK CITY.—RECEPTION-DAY AT THE NEW YORK MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, CENTRAL PARK.—SEE PAGE 203.

vis. Roger Williams, Ezekiel Holliman, William Arnold, William Harris, Stuckley Westcott, John Green, Richard Waterman, Thomas James, Robert Cole, William Carpenter, Francis Weaton, and Thomas Olney." Its first minister was the illustrious Roger Williams, who, as Governor Hopkins said, "justly claimed the honor of being the first legislator in the world that fully and effectually provided for and established a free, full and absolute liberty of conscience." Benedict adds that "he not only founded a State, but, by his interest with the Narragansett Indians, broke the grand confederacy against the English, and so became the savior of all the other colonies."

The church of which Roger Williams was the pastor at first met for worship in a grove, unless in wet and stormy weather, when they assembled in private houses. The corner-stone of "the new meeting-house" was laid June 1st, 1774, during the ministry of Elder James Manning, the First President of Brown University, who, when the house was opened for public worship on May 28th, 1775, preached the dedication sermon, from Genesis xxviii. 17. At the west end of the spacious meeting-house is a steeple, of the height of 196 feet, "supposed to be the best workmanship of the kind of any in America." It was furnished with a good clock and bell, both made in London. The weight of the bell was 2,515 lbs., and upon it was the following motto:

"For freedom of conscience the town was first planted; Persuasion, not force, was used by the people; This church is the oldest and has not recanted, Enjoying and granting bell, temple and steeple."

This bell was split, by ringing, in the year 1787, and afterwards recast by Jesse Goodyear, at Hope Furnace; the weight thereof is 2,387 lbs. The inscription of it is, "This Church was founded A. D. 1639. The first in the State and the oldest of the Baptists in America." An interesting account of the church is given by Reuben A. Guild, Librarian of Brown University, both in his "Life, Times, and Correspondence of James Manning," and in his "Documentary History of Brown University." At the centennial celebration of the opening of the famous "new meeting-house," on May 28th, a historical discourse was delivered by Hon. S. G. Arnold, ex-United States Senator, and President of the Charitable Baptist Society, the corporation in which the property is vested.

GLIMPSES OF THE IDEAL.

BY A NEW WRITER.

I WAIT, I watch, I hunger, though I know
Thou wilt not come at all who stay'st so long.
My hope has lost its strength, my heart its glow;
I grow too cold for song:
Long since I might have sung had'st thou come then,
A song to echo through the souls of men.

Yet, since 'tis better far to dream in sleep,
That wholly lose the treacheries of time,
I hold it gain to have seen thy garments sweep
On the far hills sublime:
Still will I hope thy glorious face to see—
Beam on me, fair Ideal, beam on me!

CAIN.

CHAPTER I.

"REALLY, my love," said Mr. Wentworth to his wife, across the breakfast-table, and laying down the *Littleton Daily Kettle-drum* as he spoke—"really this is becoming very serious indeed! Blakely's house was broken into last night, and all the silver and money on the premises made away with; this is the fourth daring robbery within the last fortnight. Robert"—to the servant in attendance—"have you heard any of the particulars of this affair last night?"

"Yes, sir," answered Robert, whom anxiety to speak was bringing to the verge of apoplexy; "yes, sir; Blakely's man was up here this morning, and he says to me, 'It's the most mysterious thing I ever dreamed on,' says he; 'jes' as they'd packed up every blamed valuable they could put their hand to, Mr. Blakely he woke up and got out inter the hall jes' as they was a-shuttin' the front door behind 'em. Well, he gives one shout to me—that's Blakely's man, sir—an' in less'n fifteen second we was a-puttin' after them like split. It was a bad night, but the moon come out jes' then, and I saw 'em makin' fur this end o' the town. Well, sir, we—Blakely's man, sir—we followed on the tight jump, but jes' as we got up 'thin about a hundred rod o' here, the moon she blinked out agin for about three seconds, and, by jingo! when she come back there wa'n't a human critter to be seen nowhere! Well, they searched for about two hours or more; but not so much as a button did they find! an' I bet you—"

"Thank you, that will do, Robert. James"—and Mr. Wentworth addressed himself to a handsome young man, who was sitting abstractedly at the table, with a plate of untouched breakfast before him—"will you be so kind as to see Mr. Findam on this matter to-day; tell him I offer a reward of five hundred dollars for the arrest of these men, or any of them. Why, my boy, we are liable, all of us—even little Edie here—to be murdered the first dark night!"

"Eh! what, sir?" cried James, springing out of his chair, with a face pale as ashes; then suddenly recovering himself, he resumed his seat, still, however, trembling from head to foot. "I—I beg your pardon, but I haven't heard what you have been saying, and you addressed me so suddenly. You spoke, I think, of Mr. Findam."

"James," said the young lady who had just entered the room, and who now paused on the way to her seat, with her arms about her father's neck, "what is the matter with you of late? Are you in love? or are you writing a book? A dozen times a day you fall into a state of petrification, and if any one speaks to you, you jump, and turn all sorts of colors, and never have the least idea of what goes on around you. Why, mamma, I saw him from my window the other day standing for half an hour contemplating a croquet-ball, apparently in speechless admiration! But who is going to murder me, papa? and when?"

"Murder you, you little beauty! Nobody. I don't know the firearm depraved enough to go off at you; but the rest of us, I regret to say, are not blessed with charmed lives, and I propose to invest five hundred dollars to prevent, if possible, any attempt on such as we have, and on our worldly effects;" and with this Mr. Wentworth repeated the news of the morning, admonishing James to see Mr. Findam, the detective, without delay.

Mr. Wentworth, a wealthy New York merchant, had been for many years in the habit of passing his Summers with his family in the vicinity of Littleton. Here they occupied a fine old family mansion, built by Mr. Wentworth's grandfather out of honest granite, and ornamented with certain sturdy wings and towers, that told of his good English origin, of which his descendants were perhaps

(being Americans) a little too much inclined to be vain.

James and Edith Wentworth were half-brother and sister, Mrs. Wentworth having been previously married to a cousin of her present husband, who, had his cousin preceded him to the land of shadows, would have inherited the Wentworth estate. Upon his father's death, James, then a mere infant, had inherited his prospects as next heir-at-law, but, unfortunately for him, his mother, when he was five years old, married her husband's relative, estate and all, and blotted out her first-born's prospects, by furnishing an heiress in the person of Miss Edie.

Almost from his childhood James had learned to look upon his rights as having been in some sort usurped by the light-hearted little sister, who was the joy of every other heart in the household; and as he grew older this idea obtained, year by year, a stronger hold upon his mind, absorbing in a selfish morbidness all the better feelings of his nature. He would have loved his sister had she not stood in the way of his ambition—he could not but feel the influence of her sweet and joyous character in the house. Yet even of her very goodness he had at last grown jealous, believing that not only the wealth, but that the love that was hers, was his by right, till, finally, in the concealed arrogance of his nature, arose the thought that he had—if he chose to claim it—some sort of abstract right to seize by force what a misguided destiny had refused to give him freely. For months a sombre purpose had been gradually forming itself in his mind, and he had become, day by day, more gloomy and abstracted, dwelling incessantly for hours together on his wrongs, and goading himself into a desperate, cruel longing for redress, mingled with the fierce joy of a hope which would send the blood throbbing to his brain, and a resolve that would hurry it back curdled to his heart. He had lately been led into expensive excesses, and was heavily in debt, a circumstance which contributed not a little to aggravate his bitter mood, while Edith's approaching marriage had given the death-blow to any lingering hopes he might have cherished of becoming the ultimate heir to the coveted estates.

One week more, and Herbert Fairfax, now on his way from a German University, would claim the beautiful, brilliant Edith as his bride.

Sweet Edith! Unconscious of the angry thoughts that followed her, it seemed as though heaven had singled her out for its blessings, and her bright head bowed sometimes under the weight of gratitude and happiness. On the day on which our story opens, a joyousness beyond expression seemed to possess her, a nervous exultation in her happiness such as she had never before experienced, and was far too intense to be unmixed with pain. All day she hurried through the quaint old mansion, trying in vain to fix her fleeting thoughts on some of the many pursuits that ordinarily filled her time; her music, her drawing, her books, her pets, she tried in succession, but her great joy seemed to have become a haunting phantom, and pursued her from them all.

When at last the night fell, and a white half-moon looked in and out of the floating clouds, a solemn calm came over her, and she went out under the scattered oaks, and among the blooming laurels, and wandered in the silent, fragrant night with the fearless innocence of a child.

Once she paused and looked back through the tangled shrubbery at the house, thrown into relief by the moonlight, and listened to the plaintive note of a whip-poor-will concealed among the trees. A dark cloud floated over the moon and seemed to shed a chill upon the earth. Edith drew her cashmere mantle closer around her, and turned to retrace her steps.

At this moment a man leaped from the thicket, and, springing like a wild beast on his prey, bound her helpless with an arm of iron, while a sponge saturated with chloroform was passed to her mouth and nostrils with a force which her frantic struggles seemed only to augment. Another moment and she lay unconscious in the arms of her assailant.

It seemed to him many minutes that he held the deadly drug upon her face after she had ceased to struggle; then, lifting her lifeless form, he started for the river that flowed within a hundred yards of where he stood. His purpose was to throw the body in, and then loosen one of Mr. Wentworth's boats, allowing it to float without a tenant, and thus to convey the idea of suicide or accidental death.

A horrible fear of his burden came upon him as he hurried along. The distance to the river seemed interminable, and a maddening suspicion of pursuit made him long to look behind while it urged him to redoubled effort in his flight. At length he cleared the thicket, and came in sight of the river; but here a real danger met and thwarted him. Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, attracted by the beauty of the evening, were slowly pacing the river-bank in earnest conversation.

The murderer turned, and, though he had been unobserved, the shock of the encounter had shaken the unnatural strength under which he had acted, and he staggered beneath his load. Back among the trees he went, but already the awful reaction from excitement had come, and the terror which at first had given him strength now seemed to paralyze his every limb. The moon had come out full again, and the broad white light added impressively to his fears, not only for his personal safety, but, falling upon the face of her he held, it seemed to illumine it with a cold still gleam, and in some strange way to draw it up close to his own, until in imagination the cold brow lay against his cheek.

Years before, an oak-tree had been felled by lightning on these very grounds, and Mr. Wentworth, who in his management of his place had favored as much as possible an uncultured picturesqueness, had been pleased to let it lie where vines should cover it, and delicate mosses grow out of its decay.

To this tree, blindly hastening, exhausted, trembling, the murderer came; and, though with no thoughts of it he had come there, he laid his burden down beside it and rolled its moldering mass away. A strange providence seemed at last to favor him. Beneath the tree the moonlight revealed a hole large enough to admit a man, running diagonally downwards into the ground. Too much excited to be astonished at this entirely unexpected circumstance, he laid the tender form of Edith Wentworth deep in the gloomy opening, and shut out the moonlit world with the dead body of the forest king.

CHAPTER II.

MANY hours after the events recorded in the last chapter, James Wentworth sat writing in his room; writing with an absorbing earnestness—and what? A poem? A letter to the lady of his heart? A philosophical treatise?—None of these; but an address, beginning, "Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury," and apparently summing up the defense in the case of a man who had—as the document implied—been arraigned for the murder of his sister. Somehow, every time he had tried to sleep

that night the words of this defense had haunted him; without wishing to do so, he had turned them over in his thoughts again and again, strengthening an argument here and a figure there, showing the unbounded affection that the defendant had always cherished for the deceased, and waxing eloquent on the subject of fraternal love till an imaginary judge shed tears, and an imaginary jury acquitted the accused without even leaving their seats. But every time the question was thus settled and done with, his mind, quite against his will and to his great discomfort, almost horror, again took up the theme and—always impersonating the counsel for the defense—went through the argument in the same manner and almost in the same words as before, and always with the same felicitous results.

Goaded to desperation by this involuntary action of his faculties, James at last left his bed, determined to write out his tormenting fancies, and thus, perhaps, to rid himself of them altogether.

A few words more—the climax of his eloquent disquisition on a brother's love—and it would be finished.

The last word is written, and he holds the blotted paper to the lamp to dry. As he lays it down a broad red stain covers the lying words—a stain like blood, at which his heart stands still and his brain reels, and he sinks down senseless to the floor.

The moon set and the sun rose, and Edith had not been missed. Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth having returned later than usual from their stroll, supposed that she had already retired, and it was not till the family had assembled for breakfast that her absence was observed.

"Edie is late this morning," said Mr. Wentworth, when the meal was nearly over; "she must have overslept. Robert, tell Jane to speak to Miss Edith, and tell her I am going to New York this morning and should like to see her before I leave."

"James," said Mrs. Wentworth to her son, as the man left the room, "are you ill this morning? You look terribly pale."

"I have a headache, mother," said James, who certainly did look haggard and miserable.

"You do not look at all well of late," continued his mother. "Edith has called my attention to it several times, and only yesterday she entreated me to persuade you to consult Doctor Arnes. And I sometimes think she is almost as fond of you as she is of Herbert."

"She is very kind," said James; and, when he had spoken, it seemed to him that some one else had said the words at a great distance, and that he had heard them through some supernatural sense; and then he wondered if the others had heard them, too, or if, perhaps, he had only thought them and not spoken them at all.

"Goodness, Jane, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Wentworth, as a scared-looking servant rushed into the room.

"Sure, ma'am, I went up to Miss Edith's room, and there's not the first stitch of her in it, ma'am, nor a dint in the bed which I made it up myself yesterday wid fresh pillows!"

"Not in her room!" cried Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth together, and James echoed them, "Not in her room!" And speaking thus, and seeing the consternated faces of those about him, he was seized with an almost irresistible desire to laugh—to laugh, till the welkin rang again, till the dishes rattled and the house shook; to laugh and laugh and laugh till he could laugh no more. So afraid was he lest this desire should master him, that he pretended to be seized with a violent fit of coughing.

It were useless to tell of that long day's fruitless search; ere many hours had passed, all Littleton was scouring the country for miles around, or dragging the still waters of the river in hushed and breathless dread that their labors might be rewarded. The father and mother were wild with grief, and Mr. Wentworth offered half his fortune to whomsoever should bring his daughter home alive.

As the hours passed on, the search was gradually abandoned as hopeless, saving by those who worked upon the river; all came at last to feel that from that placid breast the awful secret must be wrung, and hope no longer dared to seek for aught of Edith Wentworth but that which death should have disdained to take. Here, also, the fevered, tireless leader of the search was James. It was by his suggestion that the dragging had been commenced, and all day long under the burning sun he toiled, pausing sometimes to take long draughts of water or of liquor, or to fill his hat from the river to cool his throbbing brain, but never taking food or rest.

At sunset, in utter hopelessness, the quest was brought to a close; those who had taken part in it returned sadly to their homes, and James, almost as tired as he had hoped to make himself—almost too tired for thought—threw himself upon the grass in the crimson sunlit light, and closed his eyes in utter weariness.

But they came back to him—the thousand phantoms he had been fighting off all day—as if he had conjured them by some devilish sorcery. His burdened flight among the trees, with the body that seemed bound to him by some awful spell; the white face that the moonlight brought so near to his own, and that he had last seen gleaming in awful majesty among the shadows of the black pit; he wished he had put the body down a little deeper—it would have been so easy then, and so hard now; he pictured himself going back and looking again upon that rigid face, and pushing it—perhaps with his foot—down into the dark earth! What if she had not had chloroform enough! What if she should wake up! Could she push away the rotten trunk? He hardly thought she could. How terrified she would be, though! and how her beautiful face would be distorted in its fear! And she would pray, too; perhaps she would tear her hair and her clothes, and the earth would blacken her tear-stained face, and horrible reptiles would crawl over her, and—people often took fits and bit themselves in fear, and then there would be blood—and when she was dead, and he went to find her and push her into the earth, she would be loathsome. The tortured man started out of the half-sleep into which he had fallen, and as he did so his eyes rested upon the grief-torn face of Herbert Fairfax.

Edith's lover had just arrived in Littleton, where he had been met by the story of her mysterious disappearance. Overwhelmed with grief, he had hastened to her family, and coming upon James within a few rods of the house, he felt that community of sorrow had made them brothers, and sprang forward with extended hands; but James, to whom he seemed almost like an apparition from the dead, threw him off with a wild motion of his arms, and rushed away.

CHAPTER III.

WE left Edith, not as James had supposed, dead, nor quite as he had also imagined, buried, though she was very much nearer to both than most of us would care to be, and was in addition surrounded by perils of another kind altogether. Fortunately for her, she had become unconscious through fear before the chloroform had time to do its work, and though subjected to the

influence of the drug to a very perilous extent, she contrived in the course of two or three hours to revive without any assistance.

She had been left, as she afterward learned, in a draft of cold air, the hollow tree above her having been purposely utilized for the ventilation of the regions below. To this circumstance, aided by the natural vigor of her constitution, she undoubtedly owed her life. With returning consciousness, and the natural, involuntary effort to sit up and break the stupor that lay upon her senses, she became aware of the steep and somewhat slippery nature of her couch, down which she began sliding with a rapidity that was increased rather than diminished by her instinctive endeavor to save herself. The distance was not great—only a few feet—yet consciousness failed her again, and she did not know how long a time intervened before she again came to herself, and realized that she no longer lay in perfect darkness.

She had fallen on a sort of earthy landing, inclosed on three sides, and of which the fourth side opened on what seemed to be at first a dim and fathomless abyss. A flickering red twilight, too faint to reveal any object but itself, contended vainly with the shadows of the place, and conveyed by its very vagueness an impression of such vast uncertainty that Edith fancied she must be dreaming. She stood up and approached the mysterious opening. Below her she beheld a rocky cave, the further end of which was too dark to be visible, even in outline. The part immediately below her was lighted by a single torch planted in the earth, and on a stool beside it sat an old man counting spoons. Before him lay a heap of silverware—ewers, goblets, casters and card-cases, all of which had been more or less bruised and mutilated either in mere wantonness or in order to discover whether the material was genuine—and as the old man told off the spoons he held, he broke each one into two pieces, inspected it carefully for a moment, and then threw the fragments down among the others.

"Leven, twelve," said he, aloud; "that's seven dozen on 'em. It's a most time for the boys," he continued; "there ain't no reg'lar business for to-night, and they'd ought to ha' come earlier. I hope they won't be drunk—"

He was interrupted by the appearance of a light among the shadows at the other end of the cave, and at this moment—strangely enough for the first time—Edith remembered the circumstance of her walk in the evening and its sudden termination. She shrank back beyond the reach of the advancing light, though she could still command a view of the cave, and witness the movements of her mysterious companions.

Of one thing she soon felt satisfied—namely, that her presence was entirely unsuspected in the place, and though trembling from cold and excitement, she realized that the possibility of escape lay entirely in her own self-command and discretion.

Four or five young men, the foremost of whom carried a lantern, emerged out of the gloom, lighting for a moment as they passed the swarthy faces of the rocks.

"Ho! me gentle Romeo!" cried one of them, facetiously, approaching the old man, who had risen to receive them; "why hast thou not prepared the festive board? where be the viands? and where the deuce be the torches, me love's young dreamer!"

The old man shuffled away to one of the many sombre niches that diversified the surrounding walls, and produced thence three more torches which he lighted and planted in different parts of the cave. By their unsteady glare the place looked even stranger than before; but anything was better than darkness, and Edith, huddled in her corner, was very grateful for the change. To her great astonishment, she now discovered that every one of the faces before her was more or less familiar; not one of them but she could remember having seen in the course of her shopping in Littleton. One, the leader of the gang, was a gentlemanly clerk in the principal drygoods store, and another she was sure she had seen in the same establishment. The others she was not long in placing, and though she felt instinctively that their presence tended to enhance the dangers of her position, it also relieved the situation of its supernatural character, and filled her with the hope that her home was not so very far away.

"Sweet boy, I pr'isee bring the wine," said he who had spoken first, as he and his companions seated themselves on a large flat boulder that rose nearly in the centre of the cave. "And now," he added, after the order had been duly executed, "what about biz? We poor but honest ones, whose brows do sweat for bread, must sink the poetry of this moment of tender reunion in biz."

"Well, captain," said one of the men, "I guess I can show something that will do your heart good. I've had bother enough to get them, too; and he opened a package of curious-looking tools."

"Ah! letters of introduction to the haughty house of Wentworth!" exclaimed the captain, delightedly. "Good!" as he passed them over one by one. "I think these will do the job. I was in the house once, and it has more bolts and keys than a prison. We'll practice on it, me innocent lambs, against the time when the minions of the law shall bear us to the dungeon-keep!" and the captain sank his voice and struck his breast in exaggerated mock-tragedy, to the extravagant delight of his companions, who seemed to consider nothing so unlikely as that they should some day be held to answer for their deeds.

"You haven't looked at the furnace, captain," said the old man, at this point, "and I've got it fixed beautiful; it's quite late enough to light up now, if we're going to do anything to-night."

"Right, me noble youth!" replied the captain, patronizingly, patting the old man's bald head. "Let us behold thy handicraft!" And with this they all gathered round a clumsy brick structure that Edith had already noticed, and which was nothing else than an improvised reverberatory furnace for the purpose of melting the various pieces of silverware that still lay upon the floor in the heap where she had first seen them.

The old man lighted the fire, from which the smoke was conducted by a pipe which ran along the top of the cave and finally entered the aperture by which Edith had descended; here the strong draft carried it—if she had but known it—almost to the feet of those she loved.

Up to this time she had sat shivering, and fearful lest the chattering of her teeth should call attention to her hiding-place and lead to her discovery; now, however, the warmth of the fire, combined with that of the four torches, took off the earthly chill and rendered her rocky nook far more tolerable; the heat, too, made her drowsy, and it took all the energy she could command to guard herself from being overcome by weariness and falling asleep.

For many hours she sat there listening to these men, whom she soon felt sure were no others than the daring robbers whose depredations had so excited her father in the morning.

They drank, and tended the fire, and told stories each of his own narrow escapes from death or detection. Then as the wine rose in their heads, they

bulled the old man and threw the bottles at him, and finally, to Edith's horror, they toasted one after another, all the ladies in Littleton, herself among the number, and she had the exquisite satisfaction of hearing herself thus alluded to by the noble captain:

"Gentlemen, I will now propose the little Wen—Wen—worth—me dainty Edie—the most deviously sassy of her sex?" after which, the captain, being by this time thoroughly drunk, fell over on the floor asleep, and it was not long ere all the others followed his example.

The old man alone held his vigil and tended the fire, and at last when the night had worn away awoke the others. No signs of daylight had penetrated into the cave, but he consulted one of the watches that was kept wound for the benefit of its unlawful possessors, and then, announcing that the sun was risen, sent the whole of the gang grumbling and swearing on their way.

Edith had waited for this time, having already made her plan of escape.

She knew that a flight of irregular stone steps led from her niche to the floor of the cave, and she was resolved, should they, as she expected, leave her in total darkness, to nevertheless grope her way to the narrow passage by which they had entered, and thence to the entrance itself.

To her consternation, however, the old man did not accompany the others, but having handed them their lantern, and received such civilities, manual and linguistic, as they chose to give him in return, he proceeded to clear away the remains of the last night's debauch by sweeping the broken glass and other debris into a corner. After that he threw water upon the fire to put it out—for it would never do to have the smoke ascending from Mr. Wentworth's grounds after daylight—and at last he seated himself with a single torch beside him and commenced the tedious process of cooking his breakfast by its inadequate flame.

This task accomplished and the meal eaten, he then produced some old blankets, on which he lay down to sleep, but even then his sleep was so fitful and broken that she dared not venture from her hiding-place.

For a long time she watched and waited, while it seemed to her he never would sleep soundly, worn out by the long nervous strain, her own head sought a pillow on the inhospitable rock, and she slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

When she awoke, that long day of agony to those who loved her had passed, and another twilight had fallen upon the world above. The old man was preparing to go out, for daylight was perilous to him, and he only ventured under the open heavens with the bats and other nocturnal wanderers.

As soon as Edith saw his lantern grow dim as he wended his way above the rocks, she wrapped her drapery closer, that its rustling might not betray her, and, descending to the floor of the cave, hastened with what speed she could to follow.

Once or twice the path was rough and she fell, and once she was obliged to wade through a shallow pool of icy water, but still she kept the light in view.

She was weak from want of food, and her stony couch had left her stiff and sore, but when at last she saw a distant glimmer of the twilight, and felt the current of vigorous, sweet air from without, she seemed to herself like one restored to life. She waited to allow the old man time to get well out of the way before she ventured forth.

The entrance of the cave was so small that she was forced to crawl through it on her hands and knees, and so completely overgrown and hidden by means of laurel and alder that it was no wonder it had remained so long undiscovered.

This entrance was in the steep bank of the river, close to the water's edge, and Edith, having found herself once again in the open air, turned by a natural impulse and hastened up the bank. Here, to her astonishment, everything was familiar; only yesterday at this very hour she had stood where she now stood, looking as she now looked towards the dear home whose inmates were mourning her as dead.

She did not stop to wonder, but hastened onward, trembling in every limb.

She mounted the broad porch and looked through the lighted window to where the loved ones sat about an untasted meal.

Her father, her mother, James and, yes—it was Herbert Fairfax. With a stifled cry she glided through the open door and fell fainting in her lover's arms.

It is not given to me to paint the happiness of that reunion; I have but to record the murderer's fate, and I am done.

When the first tumult of joy had subsided, James Wentworth was found insensible upon the floor, and when the stupor left him he laughed—laughed and gnashed his teeth and tore his clothes—laughed in shrieks and howls which yet were laughter. The impulse which had been upon him in the morning mastered him now, and its mastery was madness.

Among his papers was found the plea of his own defense that he had written in the night, and over its last words lay the crimson stain. The explanation of this strange coincidence was not far off; on his table stood a half-empty vial containing a weak solution of chloride of cobalt and zinc, which he had himself prepared a few days before as a sympathetic ink. A careless servant had spilled a portion of the colorless liquid among his papers, and the heat of the lamp alone had sufficed to bring out the color, and to make the innocent compound a most terrible accuser.

SPRING RECEPTION

AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE principal Spring Reception of the American Museum of Natural History took place on Tuesday afternoon, May 25th, and was most eminently successful. Mr. Robert L. Stuart, the President of the Museum, received the visitors with his usual genial courtesy, and Mrs. Stuart ably assisted him in graceful attentions. Both are substantial lovers and patrons of natural science as well as art.

Dodworth's best music was furnished for the occasion, and, after the long, cold season that has just closed, Central Park and the pleasant associations now clustering around it gave forth a full measure of delight to the guests. The great skeletons of the extinct birds from New Zealand attracted the largest share of attention, for they are quite unique in the country. Eight different species of the gigantic *Moas*, as the fossil birds are called by the natives, are now on exhibition, together with a large quantity of separate bones belonging to other interesting species. The collection of antlers, which the friends of the late Mr. Hays have presented to the Museum, is deserving of the closest study. It consists of several of the largest-sized moose-heads, handsomely mounted, besides numerous heads and antlers of deer from all parts of the world. The collection of crania of animals, which Mr. Hays had made, is of great value. A most interesting specimen is that of two bucks' heads whose horns have been interlocked in a deadly conflict

death, of course, was the result, and the skulls yet remain in a "dead-lock." Several curious mummies have been placed on exhibition, that were sent from Alaska and the Columbia River—the latter representing the method of embalming of the "Flat Head" race of Indians. The great collection of fossils collected by Professor Hall, of Albany, it is hoped will be placed in the new building, a large sum of money towards its purchase having been subscribed.

Mr. Elliott, of New York, has lately presented a fine series of rare cats from Asia and the Pacific Islands.

The great copper-plate engravings which served to illustrate Audubon's "Birds of America" are now owned by the Museum, and attracted much notice.

This was probably the last reception that will be given in the old building, as the new structure in Manhattan Square is expected to be ready for occupation in the Fall.

A TWELFTH MESSIAH.

MONCURE D. CONWAY, in a recent letter from London, speaking of the appearance of Dr. Kenely in the House of Commons, tells this strange story of the Claimant's advocate: "I cannot venture to give even a résumé of the doctor's three-hours' speech, but I will tell you a curious and characteristic thing about him. I have said he is a demagogue, but that by no means tells the whole about one of the queerest of men. Along with his shrewdness in catering to the tastes of the most vulgar and ignorant, there is strangely mingled a wildly speculative and visionary spirit, which takes a partly religious and partly egotistic turn. Some time ago there was published an enormous book—three volumes, or 2,300 octavo pages in all—entitled, 'The Book of God.' No author was given; it was said to be 'By (.)'—this device being really, as you shall find, symbolical. The book was written by Dr. Kenely. 'The Book of God' is the Apocalypse or Book of Revelation in the New Testament. Dr. Kenely's theory is that this book contains the Great Secret of the Elysian Mysteries, and a great many other mysteries; and this secret is that every six hundred years a divine messenger is incarnate in this world. This incarnation has taken place eleven, but must occur twelve, times. The mystical Twelve are the 'Imams' of Arabia, 'Avatars' of India, 'Angels' of the Apocalypse, and 'Apostles' of Jesus. Dr. Kenely awards the honor of being divine incarnations impartially to the great Pagan as well as Judaic and Christian founders of religion, and quotes learnedly a vast deal of Hebrew and Greek. He gives a new and surprising translation of the Apocalypse. But now comes the great point. The present is declared to be the period for the twelfth Naros or Messiah to appear. The author has discovered from the ancient mysteries that this twelfth is already in existence, though yet to be made manifest. The title of this twelfth divinity is to be 'Priest of the Sun.' Modesty, no doubt, prevented the author from naming this contemporaneous Messiah. Anonymous though the work is, he knew the authorship might presently be made known, so he conveys the wondrous information in the Elysian style. We spell out carefully that this Twelfth Messiah is to be Cymric in origin, and he is to be born in Ireland; we learn that he was prophesied in Welsh Triads as 'Cynvelin'; and we learn that *kun*, or *ken*, is the ancient word for 'priest'; while 'elios' is the Greek for 'sun.' Putting that and this together, we find that 'Ken-elios' means 'Priest of the Sun'—the title of the Twelfth Messiah. But, 'Ken-elios' done into English is—Kenely! Who, then, is this Cymric Irishman but the champion of the Claimant? If we have any doubt, it is dispelled when we look into the explanation of symbols at the end of the book, and there find a dot with a circle around it (the 'By (.)' of the title-page already mentioned) defined as 'A monogram of the Divine: the Serpent of Eternity, enfolded by the Great Circle, or Holy Spirit. Also the emanation of the Serpent Messenger out of the Sacred Centre.' The mission of this Twelfth Messiah, Ken-elios, is 'to harmonize all the Messiahs that have preceded him, and their various religions. Thoth, Apollo, Hercules, Buddha, Zoroaster, and others in the far past, and Jesus and Mohammed, are to be summed up like a column of figures, in him. He is to revolutionize the world, and bring about the worship of the One God. The last section of the huge book—Section LXX—is as follows: 'The Great and Final Commandment.' This final section sums up the whole of Religious Truth. Shun Idolatry, that is, the pursuit of any merely carnal thing. Worship only God; that is, be His in heart, in soul, in spirit.

"O! Holy One of Light, ever may we keep these laws."

A NEW LADY LECTURER.

MR. CONWAY gives an account of a new lecturer in London, Mrs. Annie Besant, who, from being the wife of a High Church clergyman, has become a radical writer and speaker. Her husband separated from her for this reason. She has the highest culture, and is acquainted not only with the various European languages, but with the bearings of their literature on the subjects on which she is particularly interested. She is what may fairly be described as beautiful, being less than thirty years of age, and with the soft, clear eyes, rich brown hair, delicate oval face, and refined features, which make the best type of English beauty. She is rather under the average size, and dresses with a taste which can only be ascribed to the influence of education in Paris acting upon a mind naturally endowed with a fine artistic sense. She stood on the platform habited in a rich black silk skirt and black velvet basque, with a white lace ruffle around the neck. There is no gesticulation, and yet, an occasional slight bending forward of the form, or an unconscious movement of the shapely head, or of the mouth—the flashing or the sparkling of the eyes as the telling arrow of logic or wit speeds from the arch lips—do more effective work than all those gestures, which are the accompaniments of mere declamation. Although she is in sympathy with the movement for the enfranchisement of her sex, her main work is that of a religious free-thinker and republican reformer.

IMITATION JEWELRY.

THERE is in Paris a vast establishment—the most extensive of its kind in the world—where the imitation of pearls, diamonds and precious stones generally is carried on with all the skill which modern ingenuity renders possible, and these productions are sent to the shops of all lands. Here the whole process of transforming a few grains of dirty, heavy-looking sand into diamonds of sparkling hue is constantly going on. The sand thus employed, and upon which the whole art depends, is found in the forests of Fontainebleau; it appears to possess some peculiar qualities of adaptation to this pur-

pose. The coloring matter for imitating emeralds, rubies and sapphires is entirely mineral, and has been brought to high perfection. Hundreds of operatives are employed in polishing the colored stones and in lining the false pearls with fish-scales and wax. The scales of the roach and dace are chiefly employed for this purpose; they have to be stripped from the fish while living, or the glistening hue so much admired in the real pearl will not be imitated. These Paris pearls have been of late years so perfected that the Roman pearl has to a great extent been superseded. The setting is always of real gold, and the fashion of the newest kind.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE ROYAL MASONIC INSTALLATION at the Albert Hall, in London, April 28th, was the most splendid display of the glories of Freemasonry ever made in England. The scene represented is that which was offered when the Pro-Grand Master, Lord Carnarvon, invested the Prince of Wales with the collar and jewel of the office, and led him to the Grand Master's throne. In addition, we reproduce portraits of Sir Albert William Woods, Grand Director of the Ceremonies, and Mr. John Hervey, who serves the institution of Masonry in England as Grand Secretary.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS, K.C.B., was at the time of his death, March 7th, aged fifty-eight, Secretary to the Privy Council in England. As an author, we have already taken occasion to accredit him with uniting to downright English common sense the advantages of not only a thorough classical education, but also of an exceptional familiarity with the modern languages and literature of Continental Europe, and, moreover, of broad and liberal human sympathies.

THE NEW SNAKE-EATING SNAKE at the Zoological Gardens seems to have become no less a "sensation" in London than the preaching and singing of those foes of the Old Serpent, the American Revivalists, Moody and Sankey. The animal is one of the largest and most formidable of the poisonous snakes of India. Even in India it is rare, and snake-charmers themselves dread it. The present specimen was brought to England by accident in a consignment of supposed cobras. This snake is not, like the cobra, of a timid or retiring disposition, but is extremely active and aggressive. Like the cobra, however, it possesses a hood, which is marked with transverse chevron-shaped bands, instead of the well-known spectacles. It reaches the length of twelve, fourteen, or even sixteen, feet, and lives on smaller snakes, tracking them out and swallowing them head first. The snake at the "Zoo" is over seven feet in length, and is remarkably fierce.

PILGRIMS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, in France at least, have a much easier time of it—thanks to the appliances of comfort and luxury in modern railway traveling—than medieval pilgrims. In fact, pilgrimages to Lourdes and Pontigny differ in little, save their pious motives, from ordinary annual pleasure excursions.

AT THE OPENING, May 1st, of the Alexandra Palace, the new palace of popular entertainment, built in its own pleasure-grounds on Muswell-hill, near London, in place of the edifice destroyed by fire so quickly after its completion two years ago, the ceremony was merely that of presenting an address to the Lord Mayor, and of his declaring the palace open. This was accompanied by a grand flourish of trumpets, and by the firing of salutes by the Honorable Artillery's guns in the Park. The most distinguished part of the assembly consisted of the municipal dignitaries, in number approaching one hundred, of many English cities and borough towns, with the Lord Mayor at their head. These came in their official character; and the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works also attended; but among the visitors and spectators were many persons of rank, members of the House of Lords and of the House of Commons, judges, prelates, foreign ambassadors, and other gentlemen of position, with a bright-looking crowd of ladies.

COLONEL VALLIERE, who commanded the successful expeditionary column recently sent to Cayor, by the authorities of the French Colony of Senegal, Western Africa, was honored with a triumphant reception on his return to Saint-Louis.

FUN.

BARBERS say that bald-headed men dye easy.

TRANCE-MIGRATION of souls—Walking in one's sleep.

WHY is a church-bell more affable than a church organ? Because one will go when it's tolled, but the other will be "blowed" first.

If mothers knew how it hurts a boy to strike him with one of those new scrubbing-brushes, the brush part down, they would never tire themselves out wielding a club.

A LUMBERMAN in Michigan, being poorly provided with materials of sustenance for his men, fed them with pork cooked with the rind upon it. A young man of the company, not liking that outer portion of the food, was observed by the host to be carefully removing the outside covering, whereupon the latter said, "Young man, we eat rind and all here." To which the youth replied, "All right, old man. I'm cutting it off for you."

WITHIN the last few days an old beggar woman, having been admitted into the kitchen of one of our most prominent citizens, was mournfully relating to the lady of the house the misfortunes of her life. She said her husband went to California to dig gold a great many years ago, but had never been able to find more than enough to keep himself alive, so, of course, he had never sent her any; that, until within a few years, they had continually written each other letters full of love and sympathy. At this point the flood-gates of her grief burst open; she sputtered and sighed at a terrible rate, and finally, after several ineffectual efforts, ejaculated that she had not heard from, or even written to, her darling in a long time. The old woman drew a long breath, and was about to continue, when the lady of the house asked her why she had not written to her husband. "Ah, mum!" sighed she, "after I lost my front teeth I couldn't pronounce very good, so I had to give up writing."

ABOUT thirty miles above Wilmington, N. C., lived three men, named respectively Barham, Stone and Grey. They came down to Wilmington in a small row-boat, and made it fast to the wharf. They had a time of it in the city; but, for fear of a falling off in the stores on their way home, they procured a jug of whisky, and after dark on a bleak night they embarked in their boat, expecting to reach home in the morning. They rowed away with all their energy, for it was a strong stream they had to contend against, keeping up their spirits in the darkness. At break of day they thought they must be near home, and, seeing through the dim gray of the morning a house on the river-side, Stone said: "Well, Barham, we have got to your place at last." "If this is my house," said Barham, "somebody has been putting up a lot of outhouses since I went away yesterday; but I'll go ashore and look about and see where we are, if you'll hold her to." Barham disembarked, took observations, and soon came stumbling back, saying, "Well, we ain't at Wilmington yet; and, what's more, the boat has been hitched by a long rope to the wharf all night."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN was declared a lunatic, and shortly after attempted suicide. General Frank Blair was so benefited by the transfusion of blood that he was able to ride out. The managers of the German table in the forthcoming centennial tea-party at Cincinnati have received pictures of the Empress, Emperor and Crown-Prince of Germany. The Rapid Transit Bill passed to a third reading in the New York Senate. A party of Indian delegates called on the President, but he refused to talk with them. The citizens of Mecklenburg County, N. C., celebrated the centennial anniversary of the first declaration of independence at Charlotte, on the 20th. It was reported that the Court of Claims would decide against the Government in the suit with the Union Pacific Railway. The United States Centennial Commission held the annual meeting in Philadelphia. Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J., had its commencement exercises. The Governor and Council of New Hampshire counted out General Head, who had a heavy majority for the Senate, because the ballot read "Nath" instead of "Nathaniel." The town of Osceola, Pa., and over 15,000,000 feet of lumber, were destroyed by fire on the 20th. An attempt was made to burn Shenandoah, Pa., and large forest fires were reported in the eastern part of the State. The difficulty between Rutgers and Princeton Colleges about the stolen cannon and muskets has been amicably settled. Dr. J. J. Kain was consecrated Bishop of Wheeling, W. Va., by Archbishop Bayley, on the 23d. Cambridge, Mass., will celebrate the centennial of Washington taking command of the Continental troops, July 3d. The General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church, North and South, were in session last week, the first at Cleveland, O., the second at St. Louis, Mo. Abraham Jackson, a lawyer of Boston, disappeared with something like \$300,000 of property held in trust.

FOREIGN.

As England refuses to join the St. Petersburg Conference, Russia will negotiate with foreign powers separately for the adoption of the Brussels Code. Count Von Arnim's appeal will be heard July 15th. Half of the city of Peshawar, India, was destroyed by fire. United States war-vessels were ordered to protect the Panama Railroad from injury during election season. The Carlists bombarded Pamplona, but were subsequently repulsed by the Alfonsists. A Papal Nuncio formally demanded the restoration of Catholic unity in Spain. The Pope determined to call another Vatican Council. It is thought the Pekin Government will grant the petition for the introduction of Western studies in the schools of China. A feeling prevails that the young Empress of China committed suicide through fear of complications if her expected child should be a boy. Alfonsist troops gained an important victory over the Carlists at Montserrat. The Roman Catholic Bishops of Prussia replied to the Ministers of State. Smallpox has broken out in the Carlist camps. A decree was promulgated at Madrid declaring the electoral period open, permitting public political meetings, and allowing the press to discuss all constitutional questions except that of the monarchy. The French Centennial Commission will ask of the Assembly an appropriation of \$120,000 to cover the expenses of the representatives. John Lemoine, one of the editors of the *Journal des Debats*, was elected a member of the French Academy. Statistics from one hundred villages in Asia Minor show that the population has decreased one-half in the last two years on account of the famine. France is building two monster monitors of steel for service on the Baltic. The project of starting a cremation society in London has been abandoned. The Belgian King has instituted an annual prize of 25,000 francs to encourage works of intelligence. A commemorative group representing France receiving a soldier mortally wounded is ready to be erected in the Champs-Elysees. The French Committee of Thirty resigned. It was rumored that Disraeli would resign the leadership of British Conservatives. The Santo Domingo Minister of Finance went to Europe to negotiate a loan of \$3,000,000 with French capitalists. General dissatisfied faction was expressed in Berlin because the charges against Duchesne were dismissed by the Belgium Tribunal. A religious procession was assailed by the populace while passing through the streets of Brussels, on the 23d. The charge against Duchesne, who was said to have formed a plot to kill Bismarck, was dismissed.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

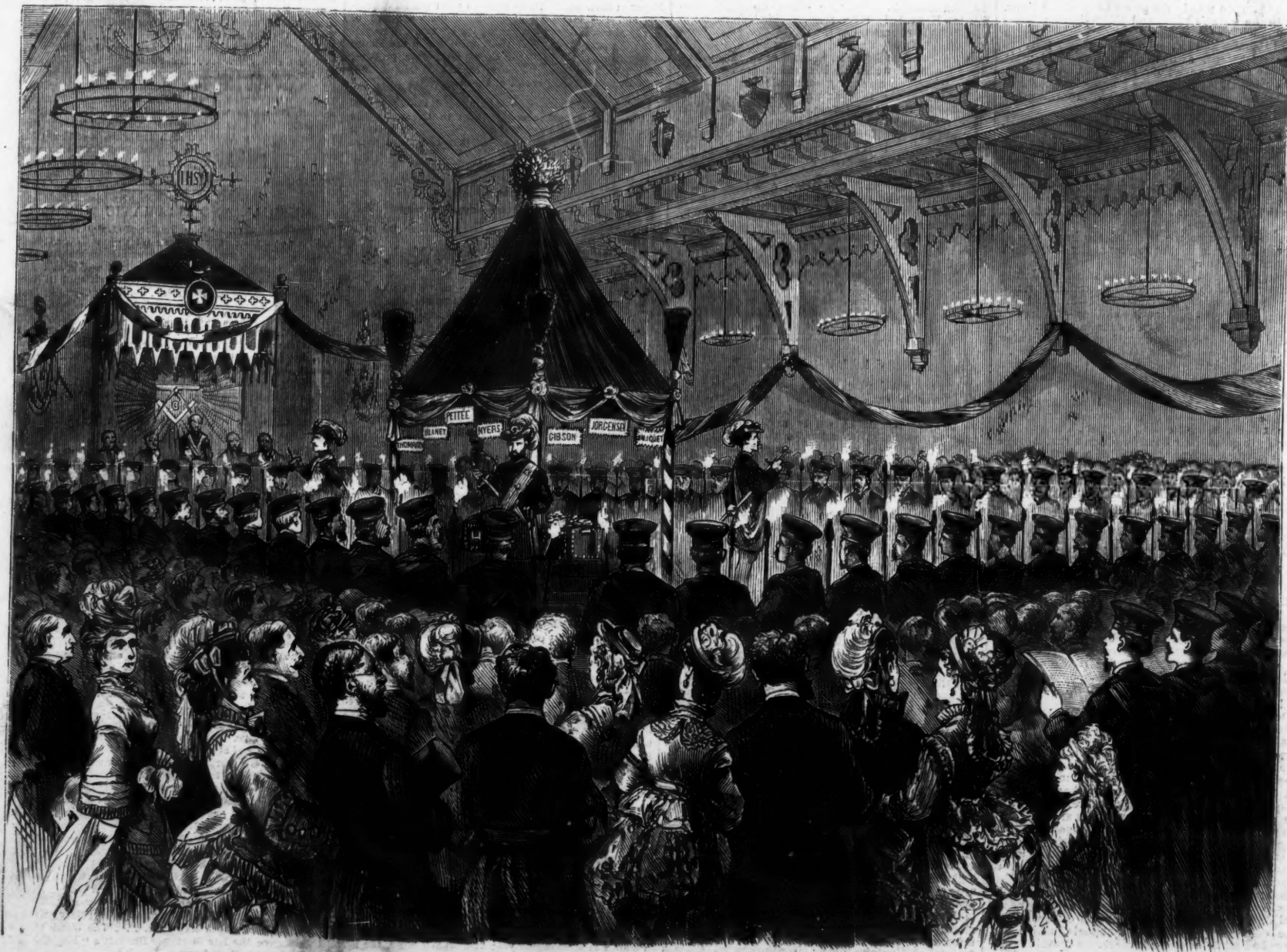
NEW YORK CITY.—"The Twelve Temptations" continues the attraction at the Grand Opera House. Strakosch has succeeded in making arrangements with Dr. Von Bulow for a series of one hundred concerts. Bryant's Minstrels give a grand entertainment in the Academy of Music on the 29th. Miss Clara Fisher sustained the title rôle of the English version of "Giroflé-Girofla" at Robinson's Hall. John T. Raymond goes to Europe, June 2d, for a short season with *Colonel Sellers*, and returns to the Union Square in August. The one hundredth performance of the "Big Bonanza" was given at the Fifth Avenue, and every lady guest was presented with a silver brick. Joseph Jefferson will rest from his Boston engagement until June 30th, when he sails Europeward. Comedies suitable to the warm weather were performed at Wallack's last week.

PROVINCIAL.—Barnum's Hippodrome was in Boston last week. Miss Charlotte Thompson appeared last week at the Boston Theatre in "Jane Eyre," supported by Frederick Robinson. Maretzek gives a season of opera in Washington this week, opening with Flotow's "L'Ombra." Robert McWade played "Rip Van Winkle" at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, during Festival week. Robertson's "Caste" was brought out at the Baltimore Academy of Music on the 24th by Belvil Ryan. The Alleghany Bell Ringers are making a professional tour of California preparatory to going to Australia and South America. E. L. Davenport begins an engagement at the Providence (R. I.) Opera House on the 31st. Miss Conway succeeds her mother in the management of the Brooklyn Theatre, and has engaged as her general manager Mr. Edward Greey, a thorough man of business, and an experienced writer for the press. Miss Conway shortly leaves for Europe in order to obtain some property left to the family and to secure novelties for the regular 1875-6 season.

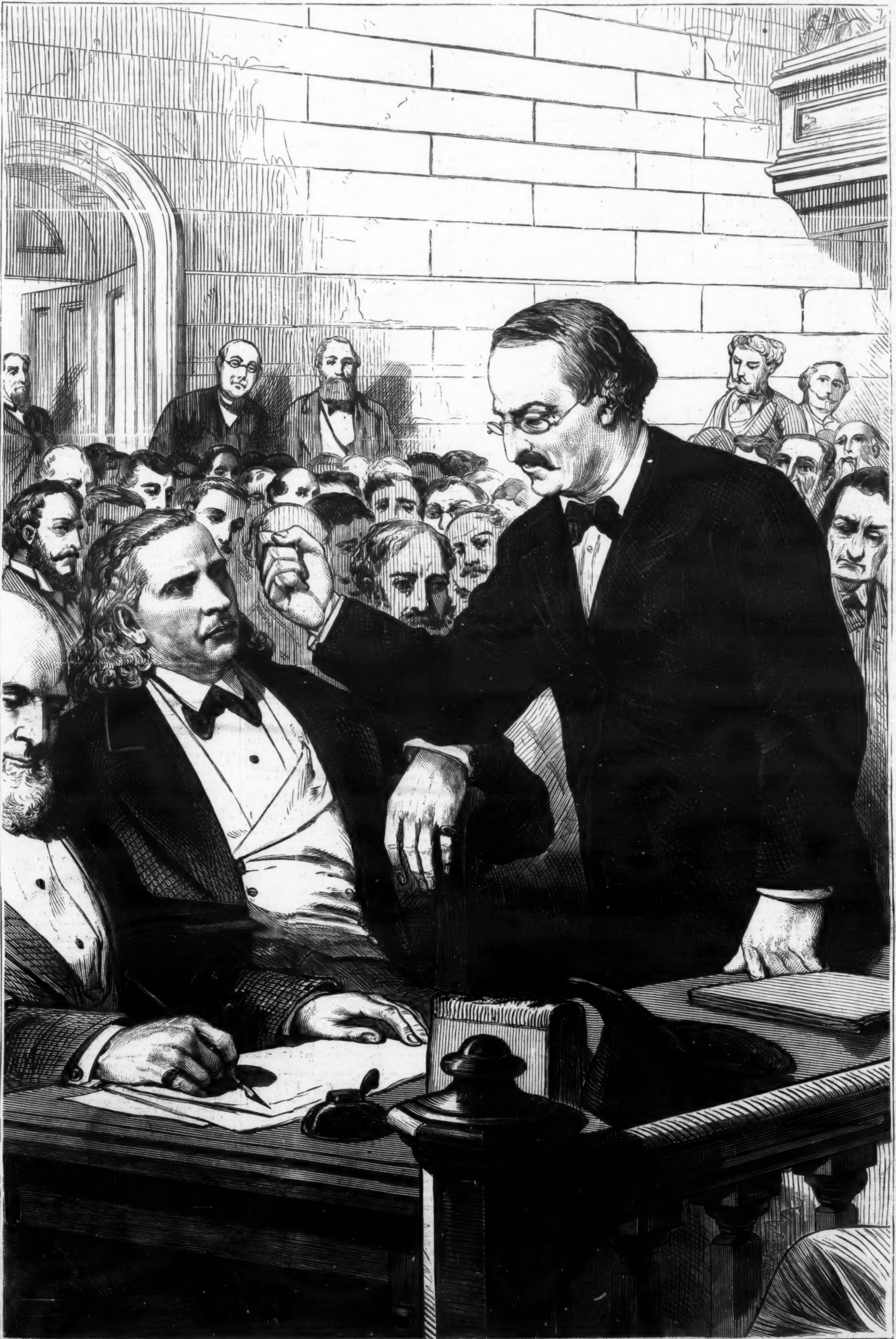
FOREIGN.—"Alize" has been produced in London by a French troupe. Miss Mary Gladstone's *Elizabeth and Mary Stuart* at the National Standard, London, continue to excite very favorable comment. Barry Sullivan is giving farewell performances in the English provinces previous to a tour of the United States. Gilbert's new comedy "Tom Cobb; or, Fortune's Toy," has been brought out at the St. James, London. A new opera by Filoteo Greco is to be produced at Naples. A performance of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" is to be given at Weimar with actors from Munich. Liszt will conduct his "Christies" at Munich this month. Verdi is ticketed for Vienna, where he will conduct his new Mass and bring out "Aida." M. Faure and M. Capoul are to sing in London shortly. The Summer concerts at Crystal Palace, Sydenham, England, began May 13th. The Welsh Choral Union gave the late Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen" at St. James's Hall, London, May 3d.



CHICAGO, ILL.—RECEPTION OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AT THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH B. BEALE.—SEE PAGE 207.



CHICAGO, ILL.—THE LODGE OF SORROW, MAY 13TH, AT THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, 72 MONROE STREET.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH B. BEALE.—SEE PAGE 207.



THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.—EX-JUDGE PORTER, COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENDANT, DENOUNCES THE PLAINTIFF.—SEE PAGE 207.

"LA JOCONDE" OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

(Louvre Gallery.)

BY FRANK T. MARZIALS.

IN her eternal beauty she stands there
Among the gods for ever. At her feet
I see the hopes of men uprise, and beat
Like crested waves, joy sparkling and most fair;
I see the Artist with his laureled hair,
Rapt in his wonder-world; the Thinker, meet
To track shy Truth to her last still retreat;
The Statesman, strong of will to do and dare,
A king of men; the Lover in whose breast
The sweetest twilight dawn is flushing fast;
The Saint, whose prayer is turned to praise at last;
The mother musing by her babe at rest—
How bright they flash a moment! She, the while,
Looks down upon man with the same calm smile.

Opposite Neighbors.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NORA'S SACRIFICE," "SEED TIME AND HARVEST," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

DARKLY the shadow had fallen upon Ingledon. Search, unavailing search, was made along that dangerous path above the cliff and on the beach below. The evening closed in swiftly, but Walter would not give up his efforts; he could not brave the idleness of thought. Something fluttering on the bushes by the river at last caught his eye. With slow but sure steps he descended the cliff to the sand and the low trees. A handkerchief sprinkled slightly with blood dangled in the breeze—worked in the corner were the initials "R. I."

An hour afterwards the other searchers found the baronet lying on the sandy beach in a dull stupor, with the handkerchief held tightly in his hand. They carried him home to the old house, so sad and lonely now; but the morning was breaking redly into life before he recovered his senses. Then all the neighborhood was roused. Half the country squires galloped over to Ingledon with offers of sympathy and help.

The chief of the constabulary came down from Islington to help the London detectives, and the search for the living or dead Reginald was recommenced. But all was in vain. No trace save the handkerchief was found of the young soldier since he had gone up towards Burleigh Cliff, with the storm-clouds lowering above.

Tom Marvel had seen him last; but Tom was gone, adding a darker shadow to the mystery that shrouded Reginald's fate. The detective and police were utterly at fault. There was no clue to the labyrinth; a sad conviction was creeping into each heart. Reginald had fallen over the cliff in the stormy darkness, and had been washed away by the rapid current.

Deeper and darker the shadow fell on the home of the Ingledons, where Walter lay in a stupor, and his sisters' white faces were pitiful to see. At the Place, too, there were sorrow and sickness, for Arthur was worse, and Lucy grieved bitterly for her "other brother."

Saturday came, and Lucy began to remember her visitors. They were not coming to Castle Dean, but to a station on the other side of the river, five miles from the Place. She drove over to meet them. Arthur's cough was worse, and he had shut himself in the library alone, so Lucy went without him to meet the Arnolds.

It was a small station, but people were gathered in knots on the platform, waiting for the train and talking of the Ingledon mystery. They looked curiously at the slight pale girl with her quiet gray dress and sorrowful face. She was a link of the bereaved family. Lucy was thankful when she saw Mrs. Arnold's face looking from a carriage-window.

"Here we are, you see, my dear. This is my friend, and here are the children—I have brought Susan with me. You dear girl, how glad I am to see you!"

Lucy shook hands with the doctor and Ida, kissed the little ones, and, speaking a few kind words to Susan, led the way to the carriage.

"Your visit will be a sorrowful one, I am afraid," she said, as they drove on. "A very terrible thing has happened. Captain Ingledon has been lost, and we fear the worst."

Her eyes filled with hot tears as she spoke. The senora bent forward.

"Captain Ingledon—is his name Reginald?"

"Yes," Lucy said, surprised.

"I knew him. How strange and sad!"

Lucy did not answer. She could not tell them the history of those past days, it was so new and terrible. They all respected her silence, and no questions were asked, but Mrs. Arnold chatted in her bright way, and Ernie and little Ida became enthusiastic over the high hills and the thick hedges.

"What a lovely place!" exclaimed the doctor's wife, as the carriage turned up the avenue, and the house, with the lawn sloping to the river, was seen through the trees.

Lucy took the ladies up-stairs to their rooms, and sent her maid to the senora. Then she ran down-stairs to the drawing-room; the doctor was there.

"Will you come and see Arthur, Doctor Arnold?" she said. "He is worse to-day."

He followed her to the library. Mr. St. John was kneeling by the window, looking across at Ingledon. She went up to him and touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Arthur, dear, Doctor Arnold has come to see you."

He rose, the bright flush dying from his face, and held out his thin white hand.

Lucy left them together; she put her scarlet shawl around her, and went across the lawn to the boat-house. Swiftly unfastening the slender skiff, she sprang in, and a few swift strokes brought her to the opposite bank. A wild longing had come upon her to see Walter and his sisters. George Carlyn and some gentlemen were in the dining-room, and she passed along the terrace to the oak parlor.

They were all there—Joan in her own chair, rocking to and fro, and Alice sitting by her brother, who lay upon the sofa, with his eyes closed and his hands pressed to his throbbing brow. Joan kissed her fondly.

"How is Arthur, dear?"

"Ill," she answered, sadly, silently greeting Alice; and, going to Walter's side, she bent down and pushed the hair from his forehead.

"Walter dear, are you better?"

His heavy eyes opened; he drew her face down and kissed her.

"I haven't been ill. I am distressed about my brother, darling."

He covered his face with his hands, hot tears trickling through his fingers; he seemed to be

suffering the very bitterness of sorrow. When he was calm again, Lucy apologized for the shortness of her visit, and at once took her departure.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISS ST. JOHN went back, feeling very unfit to entertain visitors. As she crossed the hall she met Doctor Arnold; he drew her gravely into the morning-room, and shut the door.

"Dear Miss St. John," he said, gently, "can you bear what it is my duty to tell you—some very sorrowful tidings?"

"Tell me," she answered; "I must bear them."

"Your brother is dangerously ill."

Lucy never knew how much she had hoped till those words destroyed all hope.

"Is he dying?" she asked, brokenly, longing to know the worst at once.

"I can give you no hope," the doctor answered, gravely.

Lucy went into the library to her brother. He looked at her mournful face and smiled.

"So you believe the doctor, my foolish sister. I am well—quite well. It's only this tiresome cough. You have been over to Ingledon? How is Alice?"

He turned away as he spoke.

"Very sorrowful. Oh, how dreary it all is!"

"The doctor's a fool!" muttered Mr. St. John.

"By-the-by," he went on, looking at his watch, "I must go and dress for dinner."

But Mr. St. John did not go up-stairs at once; he went out on to the lawn, and looked up at the cliff, purple with the Summer glory of the heather. As he stood there, with the sunshine on his pale face and golden hair, the senora looked down upon him from the window of her room.

"Arthur!" she exclaimed. "Am I dreaming? Oh, what does this mean?"

The visitors were gathered in the drawing-room when Lucy went down. She greeted them with a few pleasant words, and went to the window. Mrs. Arnold was caressing Floss, who had recognized her with exuberant glee, and Doctor Arnold was turning over some engravings on the table.

The senora stood by the hearth, toying nervously with her laces. She wore a black lace dress, and her hair fell in shining coils around her face.

The silence was unbroken till Mr. St. John appeared. He was dressed with his usual care. Lucy came forward, pale and agitated.

"My brother, Mrs. Arnold," she hesitated. The doctor's wife had not introduced her friend by name.

Mrs. Arnold bowed, and came forward, but Mr. St. John did not notice her; his eyes rested on the tall, graceful woman who, with clasped hands, was gazing earnestly at him.

"Is—is that Mrs. Arnold?" fell from Arthur's whitening lips.

"No, dear. Mrs. Arnold, will you introduce your friend?"

But the senora, moving forward and laying her hand lightly on the squire's shoulder, said:

"Arthur Carr, tell your sister who I am. Introduce me."

He smiled bitterly, apparently the calmest of the party. The game was over.

"Is this what I have suffered untold torture for?" he cried. "This is my wife—a murderer's wife—ah!"

He pressed his handkerchief to his lips in a violent fit of coughing; and the doctor caught him as he fell back.

He was carried to his room. Whatever his sins had been, he was dying, and Lucy watched by his side with tender care.

The night was brightening the twilight sky with stars before Arthur spoke again.

"Lucy!" She bent quickly over him. "She is my wife; I have been very cruel to her; but don't let me see her. But for her I might have been a good man, and married Alice."

"Arthur, you are dying! Wouldn't you like to see your son?"

"My son! Have I a son? Oh, be kind to him, Lucy! I can't see him—I am not fit to kiss his innocent face. I am worse than you think me; but I am dying now, and it is his fault." He spoke again in a few moments. "I must see Walter Ingledon. I must see him—I must!"

The doctor came to Lucy's side.

"I will fetch him, Miss St. John."

Arthur did not speak again; he was reserving his strength for a final effort.

Walter was not long in coming. The doctor had told him nothing. He bent over the dying man.

"Arthur, my poor fellow, is it as bad as this?"

"Sit down—I have something to tell you. Don't go, any of you; I must speak. I was married five years ago in Seville, to the daughter of a Spanish gentleman. Captain Ingledon was there; he knew my wife and her father. We were married only a few months, and then I left her and came to England." He paused, and looked at Walter. "I let her think I was dead. I managed it well. She thought she was a widow. Then I came here with a new name to begin a new life. I saw Alice, and for the first time in my life I knew what love meant. I loved her—I loved her dearly. We were to be married. Then came the accident, and then your brother came home. He knew me, and I went to London on a false excuse. When he was going abroad, I came home. He followed me from Islington, and on Burleigh Cliff we met. I pushed him over the cliff!"

Walter started up, but Lucy was at his side.

"Oh, for heaven's sake be merciful! He is dying!"

"He is dead," said the doctor, solemnly, covering the face distorted by the anguish of that last moment.

Lucy remembered no more—she fell fainting to the ground; but Walter did not even notice her fall. He walked out of the room, and out of the house; but he did not return home. He went up the path to Burleigh Cliff, and, throwing himself on the heather, tried to realize what it meant—tried to calm himself so that he might tell his sisters the awful, horrid truth.

CHAPTER XVII.

ARTHUR ST. JOHN was buried. It was a quiet funeral; but every one wondered greatly at the absence of Sir Walter Ingledon from the ranks of the mourners. There was no corpse to carry out from Ingledon House, and lay to rest in the quiet churchyard; but the shadow of death was darker there because of an untold horror.

It was the evening of the funeral, and Sir Walter was wandering up and down the terrace alone. He looked years older with that week of sorrow—a weary, grief-stricken man. A servant in the St. John livery landed from a boat, and came up the lawn. He touched his hat, and handed a little packet to Sir Walter.

"From Miss St. John, Sir Walter."

With softening eyes the baronet looked at the clear, beautiful writing.

"Is Miss St. John well?"

"Quite well, sir. She is gone to Salisbury."

Walter started. She was gone then? With trem-

bling fingers he broke open the packet. It contained her betrothal ring, and one word—"Farewell!"

This was the end, then. They could never meet again—Walter felt that. With a weary sigh he kissed the ring he had placed on Lucy's white hand that happy Summer day which seemed so long ago, and, going into the library, locked it carefully away, with the sorrowful word "Farewell."

He was pacing the room with hasty, restless steps, striving to escape the spell that chained his thoughts to the happy past, when Joan came in, sadly and wearily, as if the burden of life was too much to bear. She sat down by the window, looking across the river at the lofty cliff, her head resting on her hand. Walter did not go to her side. Unlike Joan, he could not bear to look on the river or on the bank beyond. He sat down at the table.

"George Carlyn has been here, Joan."

"I saw him on the terrace."

"He wishes me to go abroad—wishes us all, in fact. I think he is right. I cannot stay here—I cannot; it will drive me mad!" He rose up again, and paced to and fro in agitation.

"Well, dear, go."

"You and Alice will come, too, Joan?"

"I shall not, Walter. Never can I leave Ingledon again till heaven orders it; and that, I fear, will be before long."

Oh, don't speak so, Joan dear! He sat down again, resting his face on his hands.

Joan sat in silence. Her sorrow was too deep for her to comfort him. Presently she said:

"Lucy is gone to Salisbury."

"Yes."

And again silence fell upon the room. It was broken presently by Alice. She came in with a shawl passed over her head.

"I am going out for a while; I wanted a book," she said, hurriedly, taking one from the shelves.

She passed out again and down the hall-steps on to the terrace. Bruce, the retriever, rose up to follow her.

"No, Bruce, dear dog—stay at home. I can't bear to have you with me; and her tears fell fast on his shaggy coat."

She passed through the shrubbery and walked towards the woods. There she sat down amid the shadows. Perhaps recent events had been more trying to Alice than to either Joan or Walter. She was the proudest of all the Ingledons, and her pride had been stricken sorely.

A slow, firm step made her start. It was that of George Carlyn. He had just called at Ingledon, and was going home, he nervously explained, looking timidly at Alice's proud, flushed face.

"You have been very kind," she said. "What would Walter have done without you? You have been a great comfort to him, George."

"It would afford me happiness to think I had helped him to bear his sorrow," said George, humbly. "My services are of small worth—I am not clever—but I love Walter dearly."

Alice became restless.

"I can't bear to talk," she said, her proud eyes growing dim with tears; "and you always remind me of—of—Reggie. Good-by, George."

He detained her hand.

"Must I always remind you of sorrow, Alice? I would give my life to see you happy!"

"You are both good and generous," she said, so humbly that it touched him to the heart.

He watched her pass homewards under the changing shadows, and through all his sorrow and regret for her there was a thought of gladness. He might teach her to forget and be happy in the future, when he might watch over her, and make her life bright with his tender care.

CHAPTER XVII.

JACK MARVEL was at home, sitting in his mother's shop, talking to the old lady on the theme he was never weary of—the life and adventures of Master Reginald.

"Laws me!" said Mrs. Marvel, after listening, open-mouthed, to the highly-spiced narrative of her son, "to think that the dear boy should fight all those Injuns, and then come home to be drowned! Surely the ways of Providence are strange sometimes."

"But it was running agin Providence to cross Burleigh Cliff on such a night, mother. How could he do it—how could the captain do it?"

"He allus was fond of danger," said Mrs. Marvel, taking off her spectacles and wiping them. "I remember—"

What wild freak Mrs. Marvel was going to relate was never known, for with a sudden scream she fell down behind the counter.

"Run for the parson, Jack! Oh, in the name of heaven, begone!"

"Please go away! Oh, Master Reginald, why can't you rest in peace?" cried Jack; and the soldier who had gone with a light heart to war, shivered and turned blue with fright as he gazed upon a tall figure darkening the doorway, with a bandage across the white cheek.

Instead of behaving like an orthodox ghost, the figure began to laugh heartily, advancing with smiling face towards the shrinking Jack.

"Why, Jack, are you going to run away from me? I thought you would be glad to see me."

"Yes—yes," said Jack, with chattering teeth; "but—but—oh lor!"

"You foolish fellow! Shake hands, Jack, and don't make yourself ridiculous."

"Oh, captain, we all thought you were drowned. Dear Master Reginald, how glad I am!" And Jack caught Reginald's hands in joy.

"Of course you are. Where's Tom? I want him to row me home. My hand is hurt."

"Tom isn't at home, Master Regi—I mean, Captain Ingledon," said Mrs. Marvel, coming from behind the counter, and wiping her eyes joyfully.

Reginald shook hands with her as he rejoined: "Tom not at home! Jack, you come then; I must get home quickly. I am just come from the station."

The two young men left the house together. Reginald hardly said a word during the row up the river; he seemed to be anxious to get home.

The house seemed deserted. Sunshine lay on the desolate terrace, and sweet perfumes filled the air, but no sound of any human being reached his ears as he went across the lawn. He stopped at the oak-parlor window and glanced through the half-closed curtains.

Joan sat in her own chair, in deep mourning, sewing, with a shadow on her face. Walter was pacing the room with slow, uneven steps, a habit of his when troubled or agitated.

Reginald hesitated a moment, and then went on and stepped into the cool hall. Bruce was lying there, and sprang to meet him with wild glee. As he stood caressing the dog and thinking of what he should do, Alice came from the library. She stepped towards him eagerly, her face first flushing and then paling. Living or dead, he was welcome at Ingledon.

"Alice, my darling, it's all a mistake—all a cruel, sad mistake."

She kissed him passionately and clasped his hands.

"Come to Joan and Walter; joy does no harm," and she went forward to the oak parlor.

"Walter—Joan—it's all a mistake; Reginald is well—Reginald is here!"

Those few moments of wild joy almost compensated for the sorrow of the two past weeks. For a time no explanation was asked or given. Sisters and brother could think of nothing but that Reginald had been given back to them alive and well, and their grief was only a shadow gone for ever from their lives. But when they had grown calmer, and Reginald began his explanation, with his sisters' hands held fast in his and Walter bending over his chair, the baronet interrupted.

"Arthur St. John is dead, dear boy! He has been called to a higher tribunal."

"Dead!" exclaimed Captain Ingledon. "Heaven forgive him!"

"Amen!" said Walter, solemnly. "He told me before he died," Walter went on, "of your meeting on Burleigh Cliff. He was punished, dear Reginald. He died, thinking you were dead."

Reginald shuddered.

"It was a near chance. I followed him from Islington, and overtook him on the cliff. Very few words passed between us. He recognized me at once. It was quickly done. I did not think I was near the edge of the cliff, and, off my guard, I fell over the precipice when he struck me. It was a terrible fall. I lay there all that night with a use less hand and a deep cut on my cheek. I shall never forget it—it was horrible, with the thunder and the rain drowning my calls. Early the next morning Tom Marvel found me. He was fishing up the river, and carried me back to the ferry-house; for I had made up my mind not to tell you, but go back to London to George Carlyn, and start for the Continent. For Lucy's sake I meant to keep the secret of his attempt to murder me; so I decided to go away with George."

"St. John's wife has been here," said Joan, softly. "Ida St. John been here!" exclaimed the young man, changing color.

"He led her to believe that he was dead. She thought she was a widow, and came to England to live with an old friend, a doctor's wife, in Salisbury. By a strong coincidence they were old friends of Lucy's, and came on a visit last week to the Place, bringing the lady with them. He died the same night." Joan spoke quickly; it was an explanation that had to be got over as soon as possible.

"I knew Ida St. John well," observed Reginald, calmly. "She was very beautiful. Her father was a Spanish gentleman, and I was present at her wedding."

"Go on," said Walter; "tell us the rest, Reg."

"I disguised myself as well as possible, and walked to Stratton that same evening. I took my ticket for a station a little way up the line, intending to go on to London the next morning; but the fall, or the fatigue, or something, made me ill. I was delicious next day, and it was not till yesterday that I was fit to leave the house that sheltered me. Then I came on at once, knowing how anxious you must be; but I never thought you would think me dead. Mrs. Marvel thought I was a ghost, and asked Jack to bring a parson."

"But Tom knew. Why did he not tell?"

"That's like Tom, exactly. I made him promise to tell no one of my coming back again, and to keep his promise, he ran away. Poor old Tom!"

Just then the dinner-bell rang. They had none of them thought of dressing; but Alice hurried away and came back resplendent in blue silk, with pearls on her arms and neck, and shining in her hair.

It was a joyful party. Reginald wrote to George Carlyn, who at once came over to Ingledon. That there was some one else to tell, some other sorrow to be lightened, had been Walter's second thought.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE VERSUS ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

TWO eminent professors of medicine, in Paris, Messrs. Lallemand and Perrin, with the assistance of a chemist of high repute, M. Duroy, seem to have succeeded in overthrowing all theories that assumed alcohol to possess any salutary sympathy whatever with the human organism.

Without referring more particularly to the valuable labors of these distinguished inquirers, we may briefly epitomize the principal results they succeeded in verifying by their ingenious, searching and conclusive experiments:

I. That alcohol, on its introduction into the stomach, irritates the digestive organism, and is directly expelled therefrom by absorption into the blood.

II. That from the blood, which it corrupts, it enters into the substance of the nervous centres—into all the tissues of the body, the brain and the liver being the organs in which it has the strongest tendency to accumulate.

III. That the expulsion of alcohol from the system is effected by the great excretory organs, the kidneys, lungs, skin, liver, without having undergone any digestive or chemical change at all.

IV. That as alcohol ingested is excreted unchanged, therefore it has no claims whatever to rank among articles of food, but must be placed in the category of those toxic substances whose presence in the human body are antagonistic to its health and vitality.

V. That as alcohol undergoes no combusive action whatever in the living body, such as Liebig's hypothesis supposed, consequently medical practice based on the assumption that alcohol is food and not poison, is necessarily erroneous, and must be fraught with incalculable suffering, misery and death.

VI. That as the exact total amount of pure alcohol introduced into the system cannot be reproduced from the excretory products, it is unscientific, unreasonable and illogical to assume that any portion of it undergoes assimilation, and becomes of nutritive value to the system; because in its expulsion from the living body by some of the excretory outlets, it is more than probable that the most delicate tests yet employed are unable to reproduce and measure with infallible accuracy the total amount of alcohol so eliminated. Besides, although such a demonstration ought not to be required under the circumstances, and cannot be given, yet the whole accumulation of demonstrable evidence goes to disprove the assumption that any portion of the undetected alcohol is appropriated by the body as food; therefore it is a scientific, reasonable and logical deduction that, as the greater portion of a given quantity of alcohol, when swallowed, is excreted unchanged as alcohol from the system, and can be so determined and measured, we may fairly conclude that the portion which remains undetected either still continues in the system as alcohol also, or has been insensibly excreted. If out of a glass of alcohol swallowed three parts can be reproduced from the excretions as alcohol, surely it would be a manifest and very gross absurdity to assume that the fourth part had been converted into food.

VII. That the fact of none of the derivatives of

alcohol, aldehyde and ascorbic acid, being discoverable in the blood, even when death has been caused by alcoholic poisoning, and although both substances are easily recognized by chemical analysis when present, is a further and very conclusive proof that no metamorphosis of alcohol within the living body takes place, by combustion or otherwise.

VIII. That the fact of alcohol remaining so long demonstrably unchanged in the system after ingestion, even in small quantities, supplies additional and strong proof that it undergoes no combusive or analogous process. If it was subjected to any such process, or was, by some mysterious change effected within the hidden laboratory of the vital economy, converted into nutritive material, it could not possibly be detected in the pulmonary exhalations eight hours, and in the urine fourteen hours, after ingestion.

Such are the main conclusions established by the successful investigations of Lallemand, Perrin and Duroy into the action of alcohol on the living system. They followed in the footsteps of Dr. Percy, and their admirable experiments and elaborate investigations not only confirmed his conclusions, but carried them much further. They demonstrated, with mathematical certainty, that the professional and popular notions respecting the therapeutic merits of alcohol were utterly illusive, and that in connection with the human organism alcohol was not a healthful, but a poisonous, material.

ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE G. A. R., AT CHICAGO.

THE annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, which took place at Chicago on May 14th, was the occasion of an interesting and patriotic celebration. The organization under whose auspices the reunion took place is composed of the soldiers of the Union Army during the Rebellion. Its posts are scattered over the Union, and it embraces in its membership representatives of the gallant hosts who rallied around the old flag on all the battlefields of the war. It is not a political organization, and is a secret Order only so far as the business affairs and some minor details are concerned. Once a year delegates from the various posts meet in national encampment to transact the business of the Order.

This year Chicago was selected as the place of meeting, and as that city had not been thus honored since 1863, its citizens made every exertion to make the affair a pleasant and memorable event. Military organizations from Illinois and the adjacent States were invited to take part in the ceremonies. Actuated by the spirit that seeks to obliterate the animosities that grew out of our fratricidal strife, the comrades extended a cordial invitation to the brave men who fought beneath the Confederate banner to join them in friendly union, and pledge anew devotion to the Star-Spangled banner. This invitation was not accepted to any extent, but the offering of it shows a growing disposition, at least among our battle-scarred heroes, to bury the memory of all sectional feeling.

The National Encampment was convened at McCormick's Hall on Wednesday, May 12th. After receiving the reports of the various officers, and transacting the business of the convention, it adjourned on Thursday.

On Wednesday evening a reception was given at the great Exposition Building, at which Major Colvin welcomed the soldiers to the city of Chicago, and speeches were made by Governor Beveridge of Illinois, General Devens of Massachusetts, Governor Hartranft of Pennsylvania, and others.

The great feature of the celebration was the parade on Thursday. The delegates to the convention, many posts of the Grand Army, several veteran organizations, and local and visiting military bodies, participated in it. One of the leading attractions was the First Regiment Illinois State Guard, a new organization. Chicago has been very deficient in properly disciplined military companies, but this young organization gives promise of becoming a thoroughly efficient body and a credit to the city.

During the reunion the city presented a lively appearance. It was thronged with visitors, and parades, receptions, balls, excursions and social entertainments followed each other in rapid succession. These meetings of citizens of different sections, this interchange of sentiment, and revival of patriotic feelings have their influence in strengthening the bands of brotherhood among the States, and should receive the fullest measure of civic recognition. The next meeting will take place at Philadelphia during the Centennial celebration. General John F. Hartranft, Governor of Pennsylvania, was elected Grand Commander-in-Chief; General J. S. Reynolds, of Illinois, Senior Vice Grand Commander, and C. J. Buckbee, of Connecticut, Junior Vice Grand Commander.

LODGE OF SORROW OF THE CHICAGO MASONS.

ORIENTAL Sovereign Consistory of Thirty-third Degree Masons, of Chicago, held a Lodge of Sorrow at the Assembly Rooms, No. 72 Monroe Street, on Thursday evening, May 13th. This is usually an annual ceremony, but as all the paraphernalia necessary to render it impressive were destroyed during the fire of 1871, it was postponed several times. The vocal music was furnished by the Quaker City Quartet Club, and as the occasion was a public one, an immense audience was gathered in the hall. Upon the canopy of the catafalque appeared the names of seven deceased members in letters of white on a field of black surrounded by evergreens. Addresses were made by E. P. Hall, G. M., T. T. Gurney, 32°, Dr. J. M. Carr, 32°, the Rev. H. G. Perry, 32°, and other prominent masons.

CENTENNIAL OF THE GERMAN FUSILIERS

AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE centennial celebrations that are taking place in various parts of the old thirteen States are reviving the fraternal feeling that existed in the days when the infant colonies stood side by side in defense of their rights.

The latest festival of this kind is that of the German Fusiliers, which took place at Charleston, S. C., on the 3d of May, and was conducted with all the ceremonies appropriate to so interesting an occasion.

The history of the organization that celebrated its hundredth anniversary on that day is quite a remarkable one. It was formed by the German citizens of Charleston on the first receipt of the news of the firing of the shot at Lexington. Their record in the Revolutionary struggle is a matter of history. Their services during that memorable contest, under General Lincoln, of the Continental Army, and at the sieges of Savannah and Charleston, and on

other battlefields, are proud testimonials of their patriotism and devotion. They sealed their devotion to that cause with the blood and lives of many of their number.

In 1812 the German Fusiliers were again called upon to assist in the defense of the coast, and in 1836, when the bloody tomahawk of the Seminole drenched the plains of Florida with the blood of its people, and the cry for succor was again wafted to the shores of Carolina, the German Fusiliers, animated by the spirit of '76, volunteered their services, and aided in redeeming their sister State from the ruthless hand of the savage.

During the Mexican War they furnished many gallant officers to the armies of the United States, who fully sustained the honor and reputation of the veteran corps. In the war of the Rebellion they sided with their State, and besides performing duty in their own city, sent representatives to the battlefields of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania.

The celebration elicited the warmest sympathies of the citizens of Charleston, and was in every way a great success. Thirteen military bodies took part in the parade.

At ten o'clock in the morning the line was formed, General Wagener being in command, and Major Gilchrist acting as Adjutant. In front of Freundschaftsbund Hall the procession was massed, and a flag presentation took place. It is a German flag, three and a half feet wide by five feet long, and composed of fine silk, embroidered with suitable designs. It was the gift of the ladies of Charleston. Captain Samuel Lord made the presentation speech, and Captain Alexander Melchers, the commander of the corps, received it.

At the close of the parade interesting ceremonies took place at the Academy of Music, including an eloquent oration by Major Rudolph Siegling.

In the afternoon the Fusiliers availed themselves of the tender of the elegant Clyde line of steamship the *South Carolina*, and made an excursion around the harbor. After skirting the beach of Sullivan's Island, and visiting other points of interest, the steamer was headed for the return, passing Fort Sumter on the way. Again steaming along the wharves and up towards the mouth of the Wando River, she returned to the dock, where the great multitude were landed in safety, after two hours of pleasure and refreshment.

A banquet in the evening at the Freundschaftsbund Hall closed the festivities of the day.

Our large illustration shows the parade passing East Bay and Broad Street, where Battery K of the First United States Artillery, in full uniform and mounted, under command of General R. H. Jackson, fired a national salute of thirteen guns.

We also give portraits of the first captain of the company, Alexander Gillon, and the present captain, Alexander Melchers. Of the first commander the orator of the day thus spoke: "There can be no higher evidence of the spirit with which the Fusiliers entered upon their duties as patriotic men than the selection of the intrepid Gillon as their leader, and the virtuous Kalteissen as their first officer. With the conviction that a war of doubtful issue would soon be waged with an enemy stimulated by wounded pride, and possessed of boundless resources, and with a determination to maintain inviolate their rights and privileges as freemen, they found in Alexander Gillon a distinguished representative, a wealthy and influential merchant, a graceful and accomplished foreigner of a little over thirty-five years, who abundantly vindicated the wisdom of their choice by the brilliancy of his subsequent career. And while during his administration no opportunity presented itself to lead the men who had selected him as their first captain, yet he this day lives in American history as the one who, by daring and judgment, secrecy and rapidity—the gifts, it is said, of heaven-born soldiers—achieved in the bay of Charleston, with slender means, against overwhelming odds and resources, one of the most extraordinary naval exploits of the Revolution."

THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

THE trial was resumed on Wednesday, May 19th. The beneficial effects of the few days' vacation last week, and the satisfaction given by the prospect of the approach of the end, were evinced by the brighter and more cheerful appearance of the Judge, jury and counsel. The knowledge that the summing-up of the case would be opened brought an unusually large audience to the Court House, and gave renewed interest to the proceedings.

Judge Porter began at once his argument for the defense. He opened by turning to the jury and saying: "Each of you is one hundred and thirty-five days older this morning than when this trial commenced. You have been taken from your domestic occupations in the interest of an adulterer who brings this suit for the purpose of establishing by your verdict that he slept for four years with an adulteress." He then contrasted the parties to the suit, speaking of the plaintiff and his witnesses in the severest terms, painting in eloquent language the life and character of the defendant, and eulogizing the friends who support him. He then entered into an exhaustive argument on the evidence in the case, and a severe criticism on the motives and conduct of the plaintiff. The argument occupied the three days' sessions of the Court, and was listened to with the closest attention. Judge Porter was at times very personal and severe in his denunciation of Mr. Tilton. He frequently turned and addressed him directly, using the severest language. A sensation was created in the Court on Monday, when Judge Porter, describing the discussion of the paternity of the boy Ralph, turning to Mr. Tilton and shaking his clenched hand in his face, exclaimed with electric force, "If there be a beast upon earth capable of holding such a conversation over his own boy, with the paramour of his adulterous wife, he has lived too long upon earth—it is time for him to die. What are such men for, unless they have a mission in hunting down clergymen, crucifying women, and committing perjury in courts of justice?"

Owing to the indisposition of Judge Porter, who was overcome by the oppressive heat, Friday's session was a short one, the Court adjourning at 10 o'clock until Monday, May 24th.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND THE PACIFIC COAST OF AMERICA.

MR. NORDHOFF'S account of the Sandwich Islands and the Pacific coast of America is a lively and readable work, with a good deal of practical information interspersed among more general and amusing matter. The prosperity and comfort, the limited wants and the easy conditions of life of the Sandwich Islanders, have made a marked impression upon him; and he finds it very difficult to explain the fact that, in spite of these, and in the absence of any disturbance of the natural course of things by war, by wasting vice, or by widespread disease, the native population has been dwindling so rapidly as to diminish by one-half in forty years. His bias in favor of the missionaries forbids his bringing out into clear relief the significant conjunction of this unaccountable waning of vitality with

their ascendancy, and with the intrusion of an in tolerant and meddlesome over-civilization into every department of life. He does not dwell as he might have done on the interference of these zealous and well-meaning strangers with the social and domestic habits, as well as the government, of the islanders, and their determination to force the forms of Europe as well as the principles of Christianity upon a Polynesian race in a tropical climate. He does suggest, however, that European clothes may have had much to do with the evil. At any rate, the fact remains: the people have perished so fast that a century would suffice for their entire extermination. Mr. Nordhoff's descriptions of Polynesian scenery, life and manners are vivid, unaffected, and entertaining. On Northern California also he has much to say; and he adds another testimony to that of the innumerable witnesses who assert that California can produce almost anything—silk, wheat, wine, fruits of all sorts, tobacco, sugar, coffee, cotton—that she never wants anything but water, and could secure a supply of that with comparative ease; and that it is easy for a farmer who understands his business to secure in a very few years an ample fortune from a very moderate outlay and a very limited amount of suitable land. In short, California is a terrestrial Paradise, which even the hand of man—and American man—has as yet failed to spoil. We should almost like, by way of variety, to see something written on the other side. As yet the chorus of praise is absolutely unanimous, and we can hardly understand why any one who can find the means of transport to California is content to remain on the east of the Mississippi.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IRONWORK may be effectually secured from rust by treating it with melted paraffine whilst heated under pressure. If paint is used where heat is impracticable it should always be mixed with the best linseed oil, and turpentine must be most carefully avoided.

A NOVEL THEORY of the formation of the aurora borealis has been advanced by J. H. Groneman in the German *Astronomische Nachrichten*. He suggests that there may be fragments and particles of magnetic substances, such as nickel and iron, moving around the sun, which are rendered incandescent by friction upon entrance into the earth's atmosphere, and then become visible in the form of aurora light.

AS A MODE OF ASCERTAINING the various kinds of materials in mixed fabrics, a German industrial journal states that all vegetable fibres resist caustic alkaline solutions, even when boiling, and are dissolved by sulphuric, nitric and hydrochloric acids. Vegetable fibres may thus be determined when existing among silk and wool. The latter is insoluble in the acids mentioned, but is readily attacked by caustic alkalies, especially when hot. Silk is dissolved both in the acids and the caustic alkalies, and produces an odor like burnt horn.

THE ACCLIMATISATION GARDENS in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, have received a rare collection of artificially colored plants from China. The plants are exhibited in the great glass house of the Gardens, and excite universal admiration. Among the collection is a dwarf tree of half a metre in height, the trunk of which is as thick as a finger, and the root of which hardly fills the hollow of a man's hand; the specimen is about 100 years old, and it is a species of oak. This, however, is not a natural phenomenon, but the result of Chinese horticulture, which finds its highest problem in the reduction of the natural size of plants.

IT IS REPORTED that an Italian professor has discovered that perfumes from flowers have a chemical effect on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its health-imparting power. As the result of his researches, he states that the essence of cherry, laurel, lavender, mint, juniper, melons, fennel, and bergamot, are among those which develop the largest quantities of ozone, while anise and thyme develop it in a less degree. Flowers destitute of perfume have no such effect. He recommends that dwellers in marshy localities, and near places infected with animal emanations, should surround their homes with a profusion of the most odoriferous flowers.

THE BULLETIN DES SCIENCES ET ARTS, of Poligny (Jura), gives particulars of a curious discovery by Dr. Auguste Chevreuse. He has found that on decapitating living cockchafers an hour after they have been feeding they yield four or five drops of a coloring substance, which varies with the nature of the leaves on which they have been feeding, and he has already obtained fourteen different shades. M. Niché, professor of chemistry; M. Preclaire, professor of drawing, and M. Chateleine, architect, have found that this substance may be employed either in mono-tinted drawings, like Indian ink, sepia, etc., or mixed with water-colors, and that it does not change on exposure to the light. The coloring substance may be collected on glass or in shells, in which it may be left to dry, and when required for use it is sufficient to dissolve it in water. When applied in a thick coat, it presents the effect of varnish.

THE BEST LATAKIA TOBACCO is cultivated in the most northern and elevated parts of the Ansariyeh Mountains, Syria. Great care is bestowed thereon by the mountaineers, who depend upon it for their chief support. The small strips of land near their houses are carefully prepared, the earth being well pulverized and manured, and the seeds planted. The beds are afterwards thinned, the young plants pricked out, and watered once when put into the ground. The tobacco harvest is in October in the mountains, and earlier in the lower ranges. The leaves are gathered and strung upon strings of goats' hair, and then left to dry in the shade, after which they are hung to the rafters of the houses for fumigation or otherwise, and thus left till the tax-gatherer comes. They are sold in loads of one hundred or one hundred and fifty strings. The very best kind of Latakia is known by the name of "about riah," or father of scent, but of this a very small quantity is annually raised.

THERE CAN BE NO BETTER TEST of the amelioration which we owe to modern civilization than the increased length of man's earthly span as compared with the age attained in ancient and in medieval times. It is stated, in a recent German periodical, that while in republican Rome the average duration of life among the upper—always the longest-lived—classes, was only thirty years, among the same classes in the present century it reaches fifty years. Then, with respect to the "good old times": In the sixteenth century the mean duration of life in Geneva was 21.21 years; between 1814 and 1833 it had reached 40.68 years, and at the present time as many people live there to the allotted term of seventy as three hundred years ago lived to forty-three. The rapidity with which the mean rose in England, even in its earliest period of extension, is shown by the comparison of two financial transactions in that country in 1693 and 1790. In the former year Government made a considerable profit by borrowing a large sum of money on terminable annuities, based on the mean duration of life at that time; in the latter, another loan, based on the same tables, resulted in a serious loss. The average duration of life in England at the present day is about forty years for males and forty-two for females. The ratio is of course higher among the well-to-do classes, lower among the working-classes and the poor. The aristocracy and annuitants are exceptionally long-lived; and a much larger number of people than is generally supposed reach the age of one hundred years and upwards.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

NATHANIEL W. SIMONS, for thirty-two years an assistant in the Library of the British Museum, has just died at the age of seventy-eight.

For the first time within the recollection of any living person, the Lord Mayor of London will visit in state the Lord Mayor of Dublin, in June, to see the International Rifle Match.

FATHER TOM BURKE, the eloquent Irish priest, who successfully combated Froude's strictures on his country and race during his recent visit to the United States, is said to be seriously ill at his home.

THE late General Breckinridge named his third son "Owen County," as a compliment to that county for giving him an immense majority over Governor Fletcher in the Congressional campaign of 1853.

PRESIDENT GRANT has had more Cabinet officers than any of his predecessors. He has appointed two Secretaries of State, four Secretaries of the Treasury, two Secretaries of the Navy, two Secretaries of the Interior, four Attorneys-General, and two Postmaster-Generals. He has also offered the English mission to four gentlemen, and the Russian mission to the same number.

THE first session of the newly created Episcopal Diocese of Southern Ohio held last week gave the clergy and laity an opportunity of greeting their new Bishop Dr. Thomas A. Jagger, late Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia. It will be remembered that in January last both Drs. Jagger and De Koven were elected to Bishoprics, but when the confirmatory vote was taken by churches, Dr. De Koven failed to secure the requisite indorsement, high-church proclivities being alleged against him.

SHOULD the difficulties on the Mexican border lead to direct hostilities, Texas will find herself fortunate in possessing a wise, fearless and energetic Governor. Mr. Richard Coke moved from Virginia into Texas in 1856, and began the practice of law. During the war he was in command of a Texan regiment, and at its close was elected Circuit Judge and Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals. He understands international law to the letter, and while protecting the State from injury will be guided by the strongest prudence should an emergency arise.

THE announcement that Mrs. Abraham Lincoln has been adjudged a lunatic will be a source of sorrow to very many people in this and other countries. Gossip had intimated for many years that her faculties had been subject to a sad derangement, and the public exposure and sale of her clothing and jewels in New York, in the Fall of 1867, were quoted as part of the evidence. It is but the simplest charity to forget, as far as possible, her later eccentricities, for there are few, if any, women in the country, whose intellectual faculties would have remained unchanged after the shock of that fearful April evening, in 1865, had the relationship with the murdered President been the same.

A PRELIMINARY ballot of the alumni of Hamilton College to obtain ten graduate candidates for trusteeships has resulted in the choice of ten names, among which appear those of Comptroller Knox, General Hawley, and Professor Theodore W. Dwight, of the Columbia College Law School. Professor Theodore W. Dwight is most favorably known as the head of the Law School of Columbia College. He is a grandson of Timothy Dwight, who was President of Yale College a generation ago; a graduate of Hamilton College, and a law student of Yale. He reopened the present Law School in 1859, after it had been closed for over twenty years, and has since carried on most successfully the work inaugurated by Chancellor Kent in 1825.

SOUTH CAROLINA politicians have discovered another Sphinx in the person of the Governor, Daniel H. Chamberlain. During the campaign in which he was elected he was everywhere regarded as a Republican of the Administration pattern. Particularly "high jinks" were therefore anticipated after the inaugural. It is true he had promised many reforms, but what candidate hasn't? Since he took possession of the Executive office he has plugged up innumerable leaks, has proved his promises to have been made in good faith, has disappointed all the political rats of the State, and is fast winning the heartiest friendship of every South Carolinian whose respect is worth possessing. He doesn't say much, but he is working like a beaver in a field of true reform.

ONE of the most prominent members of the Southern Baptist denomination is the Rev. James P. Boyce, D.D., LL.D., who was President of the convention recently held in Charleston, S. C. Dr. Boyce is a graduate of both Brown University and the Theological Seminary at Princeton. In 1855 he was elected Professor of Theology in Farnham University, a position he relinquished three years later to accept a similar post in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Greenville, Columbia College of Washington, D. C., gave him the degree of D.D., and Union University of Tennessee that of LL.D. During a greater portion of the war he was a member of the State Legislature, and at its close again devoted himself to the Theological Seminary. He is forty-eight years of age.

INTELLIGENCE has been received from the Samoan Islands, in the Pacific, of that mysterious personage, Colonel Steinberger. It has been surmised for several years past that the Administration desired to acquire the group for a naval station, and it is known that the Colonel has been flitting between them and Washington quite frequently. His last voyage was on the *Tuscarora*, which also carried arms, ammunition, and some Gatling guns. A Court of Inquiry was convened on the 1st of April at Apia, Upolu Island, to investigate land claims of American citizens against the Samoan Government. Colonel Steinberger notified the native chiefs that Apia would be recognized as the capital of their country, and that he was arranging to establish a United States protectorate.

DR. PAUL F. EVE, of Nashville, Tenn., was appointed at the late session of the American Medical Society to deliver the Centennial Address on Surgery at the next meeting of the Society in Philadelphia, in June, 1876. He is a native of Georgia, and is about sixty-eight years of age. He graduated as a physician at the University of Pennsylvania in 1828, and in 1831 joined the Polish forces, and served as a volunteer surgeon throughout the revolution. On his return he became Professor of Surgery in the Medical College of Georgia, and was subsequently attached to the Louisville and Nashville Universities. In 1870 he accepted his present position, that of Professor of Operative and Clinical Surgery in the Nashville College, after having declined many very honorable offices. He is therefore a most competent one to deliver the centennial address.

AMONG the ex-Senators and ex-Representatives whom the President appointed to offices at the close of the last session of Congress, was Mr. Charles Christopher Shreve, of Decatur, Ala. For his fidelity to the Administration he received the desk of Sixth Auditor of the Treasury. It is now more than probable that he will be removed and given a Consulate to keep his mouth closed. The disgraceful revelations of the Hinds mail contract conspiracy and the Spencer Senatorial campaign, with both of which he is supposed to have been connected, led Postmaster-General Jewell and Secretary Bristow to demand his retirement. Mr. Shreve was a Presidential Elector on the Grant ticket in 1868, and was rewarded by receiving the Consulate of Elsinore, Denmark, in the following year. He held that position until elected to Congress as a Representative-at-large, his Democratic competitors being Messrs. Baker and John J. Jolly. He is thirty-six years of age.

THE PROBLEM OF THE DAY.

HOMES CHEAP AND COMFORTABLE.

THERE are few subjects of such vital importance to a large city as those which relate to the domesticity of its working-classes. Cheap dwellings and rapid transit from home to shop have become absolute necessities. If they are not guaranteed the city will see its workmen withdrawing to the suburbs, and building up a cluster of villages and towns, as those of New York have done.

Philadelphia, with her 500 or 600 building loan associations, has solved this problem more completely than any other city.

New York attempted to secure cheap homes by adopting the French-flat system. The project was to attain a style of dwellings that would be superior to the ordinary tenements, for mechanics and laborers who could afford a habitation a little more wholesome. When, however, the flat system had been tested, people of a higher grade regarded it with such favor that builders were induced to construct houses upon this plan that were furnished with many of the modern conveniences. These in turn led to still more elaborate and costly structures, until it would seem that the system had been carried to the utmost extreme of comfort in the erection of several houses on Fifth Avenue, where the rents of single floors range from \$1,200 to \$6,000 per year, or double the rental of a four-story brown dwelling on the other avenues. Thus the poor man, for whom the buildings were constructed at the start, finds himself in as bad a plight as before; the system becoming the envy of the capitalist instead of the comfort of the laborer.

In this respect Philadelphia is many years ahead of New York. In 1874, there were built in the former city 4,339 houses, under the auspices of the loan associations; and during the past four years 19,120 were put up—11,162 being two-story or less, 7,831 three-story, and 127 four-story. Boston, with half the population, erected in the last three years



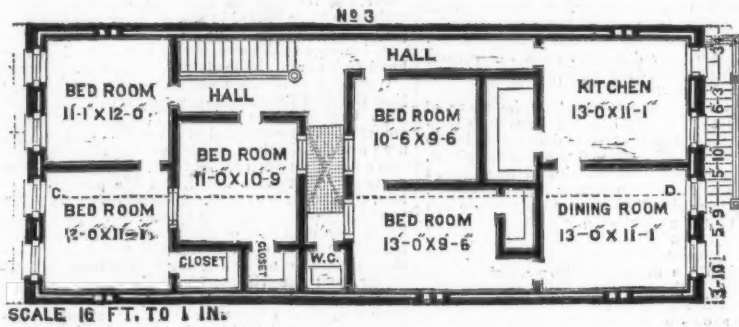
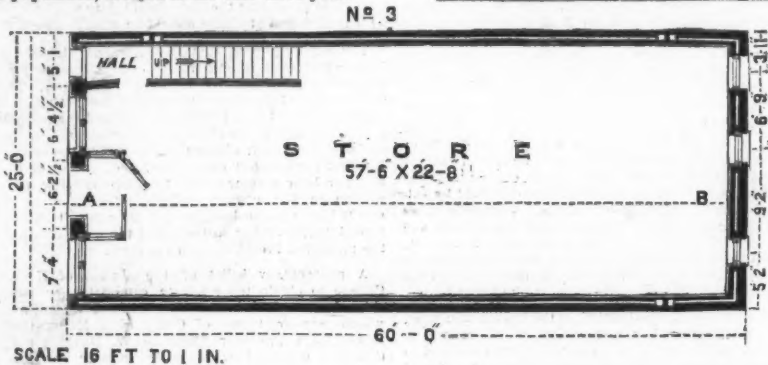
House, 15 x 26, cost \$1,700; and a Two Story Store and Dwelling, 22 x 57, cost \$3,600.

The one-story dwelling house is a brick building, 43 x 20, of five rooms, consisting of parlor, 13 x 12, dining-room, 13 ft. 6 in. x 10 ft. 6 in., kitchen, 10 x 10 ft. 6 in., and two bedrooms, 10 x 6 ft. 6 in. each. The height of each room will be 10 feet in the clear between floor and ceiling. An important feature in this plan is that, should a fire occur in the front room of the building the rear portion may be preserved intact, and vice versa. The outside walls are hollow from foundation to roof. The floor, beams and rafters are wood, protected from fire by concrete one and one-half inches thick on the ceilings and underneath the floors, and the roof is covered with tin on the top of the concrete. Thorough ventilation is provided by flues adjoining the fire flues, and topped out in the chimney. There is an air space ventilated underneath the ground floor, preventing dampness from arising; and there is also an air space ventilated between the ceilings and roof, to prevent the heat of summer from affecting the rooms. The fire flues will be lined with burnt clay pipes eight inches square to prevent fires from defective flues. There will be a drain pipe, connected with sinks and closets and with main sewer to carry off all surface water, slops, etc.

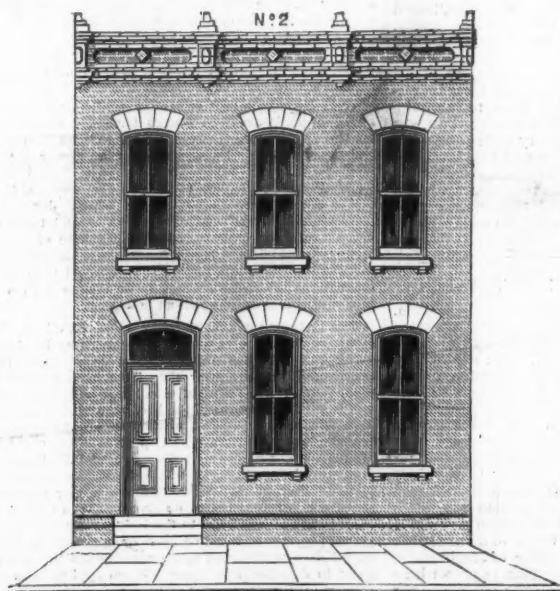
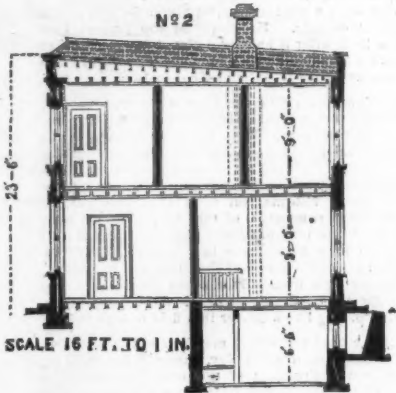
The two-story dwelling is a building 26 x 18, with five rooms, two on the ground or principal floor, and three on the upper floor, the size of which are—parlor, 12 x 10, kitchen, 12 x 12. The three upper rooms are for bedrooms, the sizes of which are respectively 11 x 9, 8-9 x 7-9 and 8-9 x 7-9.

This building has a cellar for coal and wood, and fitted-up with water-closet. The size of cellar within walls will be 12 x 12. The upper story will be nine feet in height, and the principal story ten feet; the cellar six feet six inches.

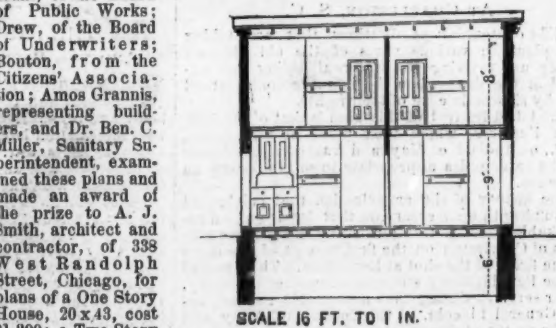
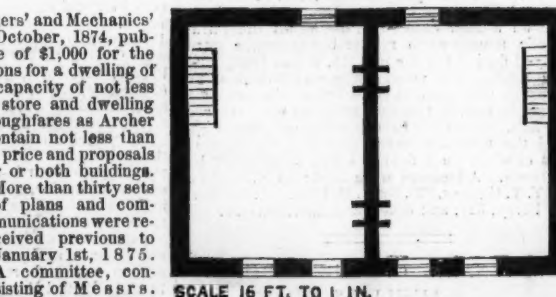
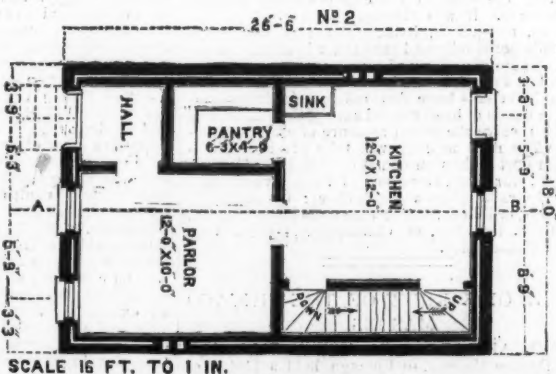
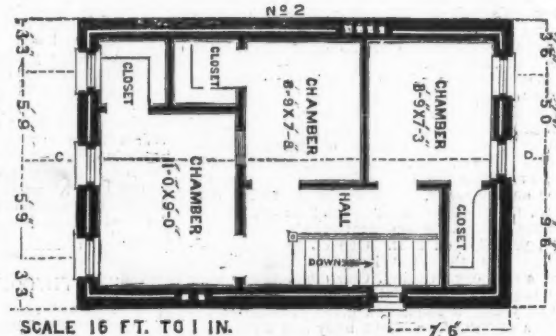
The building, with store and dwelling combined, is 25 x 59. The entire principal story is occupied with store-room. The upper story is divided into seven rooms consisting of two parlors, 11 x 12 each, bedroom, 11 x 10-6, bedroom, 13 x 9-6, bedroom,



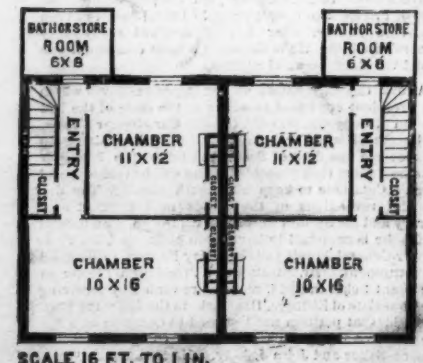
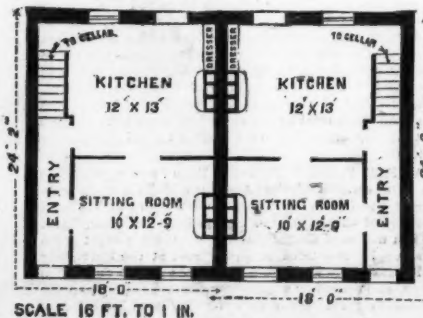
PRIZE PLANS OF A TWO-STORY DOUBLE FIRE-PROOF HOUSE, WITH STORES, TO COST \$3,600.



PRIZE PLAN OF A TWO-STORY BRICK FIRE-PROOF HOUSE TO COST \$1,700.



PLAN OF NEW STYLE PHILADELPHIA FIRE-PROOF HOUSE.



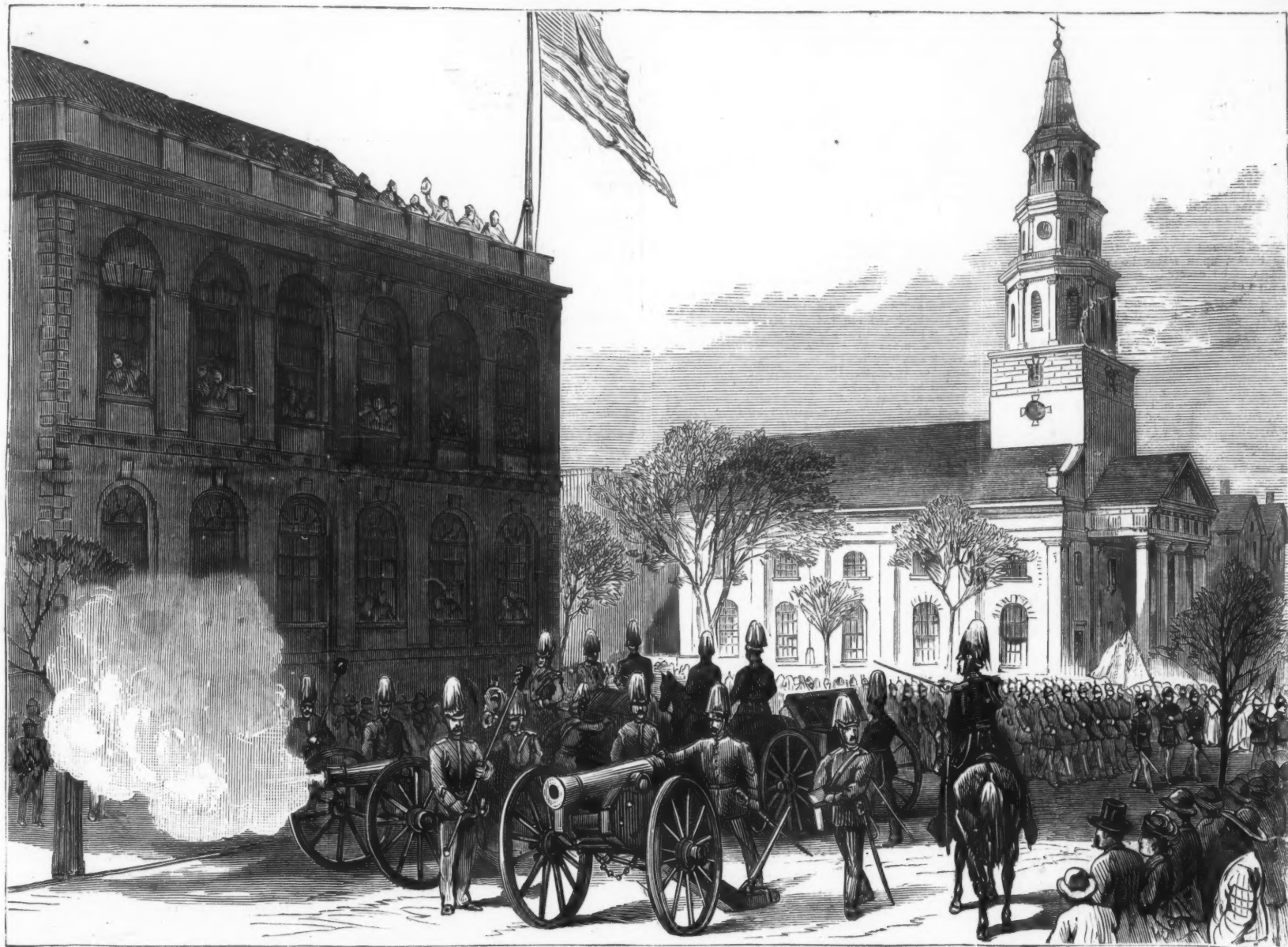
CHICAGO, ILL.—PLANS OF MODEL FIRE-PROOF DWELLINGS FOR WORKINGMEN, IN COURSE OF ERECTION IN THE GARDEN CITY.

more than one-fifth fewer than Philadelphia. But the separate home system, as exhibited in the buildings of the Quaker City, is being extensively copied. It will be well when every large city is fringed with such residences.

During the last ten years the Merchants', Farmers' and Mechanics' Savings Bank of Chicago has had from a quarter to half a million of dollars constantly loaned out on mortgage in the city of Chicago. At the time of the great fire its loans in the city amounted to \$240,000. Forty buildings on which, with lots, it had made loans, were destroyed, but as the lots without the buildings were worth more than the amount loaned on each independent of the buildings, the bank did not lose a dollar. The loans were mostly to depositors in the bank, and the buildings were mostly wooden cottages. After the second fire a city ordinance was passed prohibiting the erection of wooden buildings within the limits of the city. Many depositors in the bank found themselves possessed of lots which, by reason of the increased cost of building brick outer walls, they were unable to utilize. The usual proportion of money loaned by the bank on lots was not sufficient to erect buildings of a construction permitted by the fire laws. Yet mere brick walls, without secure roofs, floors, ceilings, etc., were believed to be but little better as security for money loaned than the same buildings with wooden exterior walls. For the purpose of ascertaining how cheaply, approximately, fire-proof buildings adapted to various classes could be obtained, the Merchants', Farmers' and Mechanics' Savings Bank, on the 16th of October, 1874, published a circular offering a prize of \$1,000 for the best set of plans and specifications for a dwelling of not less than five rooms and a capacity of not less than 5,500 cubic feet, and of a store and dwelling combined for use on such thoroughfares as Archer and Milwaukee Avenues, to contain not less than 30,000 cubic feet of space—with price and proposals to build one or fifty of either or both buildings.

More than thirty sets of plans and communications were received previous to January 1st, 1875. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Wahl, of the Board of Public Works; Drew, of the Board of Underwriters; Bouton, from the Citizens' Association; Amos Grannis, representing builders, and Dr. Ben. C. Miller, Sanitary Superintendent, examined these plans and made an award of the prize to A. J. Smith, architect and contractor, of 338 West Randolph Street, Chicago, for plans of a One Story House, 20 x 43, cost \$1,200; a Two Story

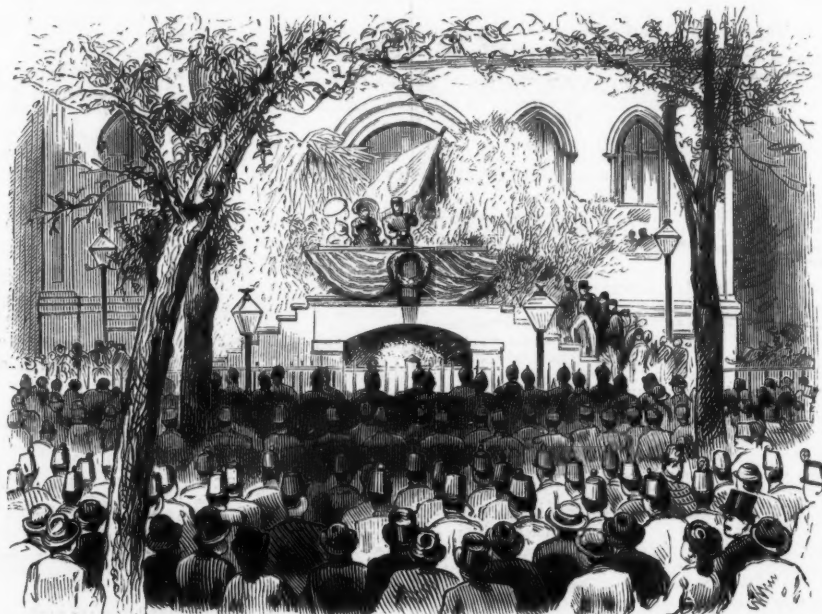
House, 15 x 26, cost \$1,700; and a Two Story Store and Dwelling, 22 x 57, cost \$3,600.



FIRING THE NATIONAL SALUTE AT THE CORNER OF BROAD STREET AND EAST BAY, BY BATTERY E, FIRST UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.



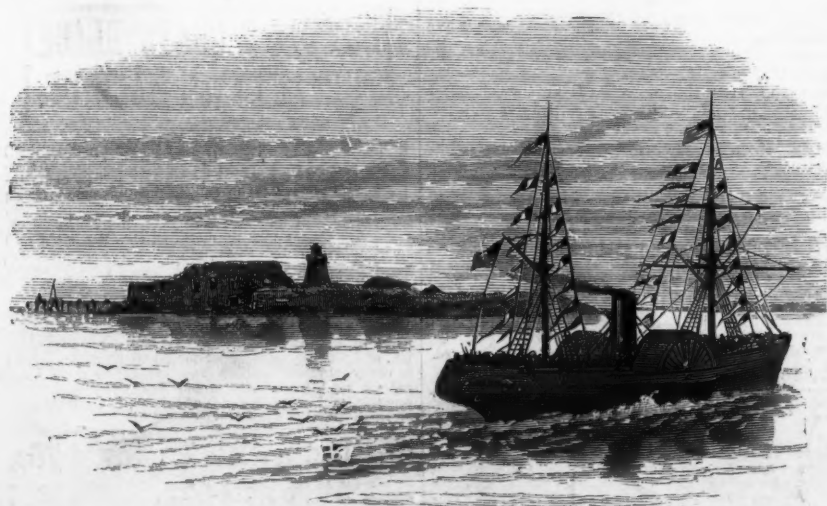
CAPTAIN ALEXANDER MELCHERS.



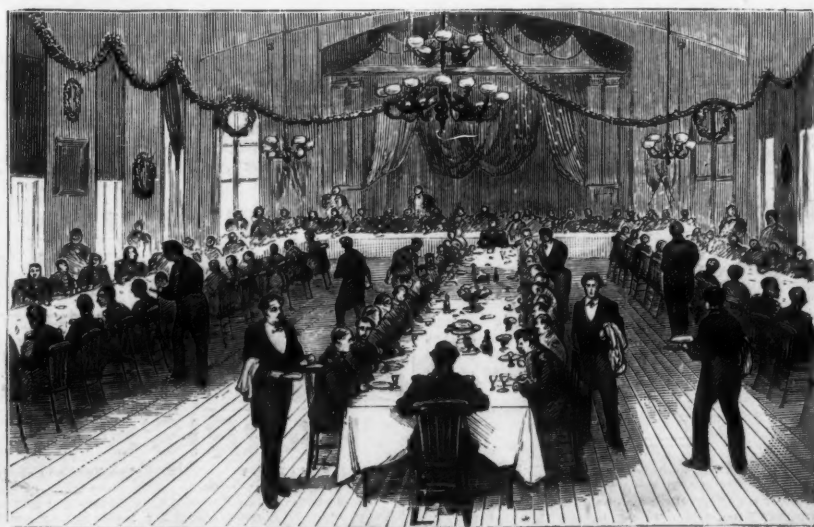
PRESENTATION OF A FLAG IN FRONT OF THE FREUNDSCHAFTSBUND HALL.



CAPTAIN ALEXANDER GILLON.



EXCURSION IN CHARLESTON HARBOR AROUND FORT SUMTER.



THE BANQUET AT FREUNDSCHAFTSBUND HALL.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY AND PARADE OF THE GERMAN FUSILIERS, MAY 3D.—FROM SKETCHES BY HENRI COLLIN AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARNARD & SOUDER.—SEE PAGE 207.

10-6 x 9-6, kitchen, 13 x 11-1, dining-room, 13 x 11-1. Four model brick buildings are now being erected on Sacramento Street, and will be known as Sacramento Terrace, besides seventeen others in very desirable sections of the city. The exterior walls are hollow; one being eight inches thick, the other four, with a space of three inches between. The shells are tied together with wrought iron bolts. All rafters and floor-beams are protected from above and below by artificial stone plastering one and a half inches thick, and no wooden lathing or furring is allowed. Each house is furnished with a bath-room, and also a white stone front stoop, stone sills, and terra cotta caps. The façades are painted, and the brick cornices and water-pipes are brought into relief by having a darker coating. The purchaser is required to pay down a given sum at the time of purchasing, and can then give a mortgage for one-half the entire amount, and pay the remainder in monthly installments. Over fifty acres of ground have been bought near the West Side Parks, upon which houses of these general plans will be erected. One of the most striking features of these buildings is the fire-proof plastering, which is applied as follows: A twopenny nail is driven into bottom of joist, less say three-fourths of an inch, every three or four inches; an endless strand of strong wire is then wound once around the head of a nail, and passes from one to the other. A movable platform is then built, the top surface of which is one and a quarter inches from lower line of ceiling joist. This concrete material is then put in from top of joist on to platform, say from one and a half to two inches in thickness. As soon as the plaster sets, the platform is lowered, moved along, and readjusted, etc. A man weighing two hundred pounds has walked and stamped on this plastering in thirty minutes after it has been put on. By a little different method of applying the wire, and arranging the strands half an inch apart, it can be plastered in the ordinary way from the underside.

The composition, when put in from the top, is as follows: About one-half cinders, crushed furnace slag, or brick-bats; one-fourth ordinary good plastering hair mortar; and one-fourth coarse, strong plaster-of-paris.

It will be observed there is no plastering from the underside, except putting on the hard finish—the platform forming the surface to receive the hard finish.

This is considered, to all intents and purposes, a fire-proof plastering, and would, in all ordinary cases, prevent fire from communicating with the joist.

THE SOURCES OF SOLAR HEAT supplied the theme of a lecture, recently delivered at the Stevens Institute of Technology, in Hoboken, N. J., by Professor S. P. Langley, the famous astronomer of the Alleghany Observatory, which has made Pittsburgh a city of note in the world of science. The lecturer has patiently and successfully made the solar surface a special study, and on this occasion he presented, in simple and modest but definite terms, his theory of solar heat. He dwelt particularly upon the immense amount of the heat of the sun, and the means of measuring it. According to him, its constitution is not fire, but incandescent gases and vapors. He regards the hypothesis of condensation as meeting the requirements of science, and explaining observed phenomena. In concluding the lecture, which was brilliantly illustrated by experiments and screen-pictures, Professor Langley's remarks on the consequences to the earth of slight changes in the sun were "awfully impressive," in the full sense of that trite phrase. After exhibiting on the screen a picture of one of those thousands of volcanic bursts from the sun's interior which are at every instant yielding accessions to its envelope—the mysterious veil which hangs before the face of the sun—the learned professor expressed a hope that his interest in the subject of these researches did not lead him to exaggerate the importance of the total and selective absorption of the solar atmosphere when he said it appeared to him that some of the mightiest problems in our study of the history of this globe's preparation for man, and of the future of the human race itself, may be bound up with it. He added: "I said thousands, I might have said millions, of eruptions are pouring their obscuring products into the solar atmosphere, and if there were not some way of reabsorbing them, a brief time would certainly suffice to turn the light of our firmament to a red circle in the sky. In what way are they withdrawn? Ingenious suggestions have been offered, but no one really knows; and I believe it is not too much to say, that to any one who has investigated that part of the subject, should this dismal change occur to-morrow, the wonder would be that it had not happened before. That it, in fact, has happened before, in a modified degree, before the historic ages commenced, is, it seems to me, a presumption not only terrible, but even most improbable. It is impossible here to touch more than the outlines of this great topic of the solar heat. The subject is really all-embracing, for it is this which called into being everything living on the earth; which lifted the rivers to the hills and caused the blue of the over-arching heaven; which made us, and which may, through ages beyond number, sustain and continue our race. But as in that human race, a little more or less of these rays changes not only the soil but the man, makes not only the difference between India and Greenland, but between the Hindoo and Esquimaux, so we may conceive that if a little alteration in the amount works such effects, not only in inanimate nature, but in the instincts, habits, and life of man, that with an alteration in kind we should be the passive and helpless subjects of still greater changes. Perhaps such are yet to come, and this change, for aught we know to the contrary, may come to-morrow, from a slight disturbance of that balance of supply and demand in the atmosphere of the sun, that apparently magnificent feature, of whose very existence mankind has scarcely begun to take notice. It is said that young students of astronomy and medicine, on discovering the infinite complexity of things in their own organization, which appeared so simple to their former ignorance—and noticing the derangements and disease of this astonishing mechanism—wonder each day that nature, with her thousand ways to kill them, has sustained and kept them alive. Perhaps this is true as well of our study of any of nature's works. Certainly it seems to have an application to the sun. But as days and years pass, continued security brings a calm to such fears, and, with a confirmed sense of our utter helplessness against certain possible things, a firmer confidence in the good ordering of the unseen power that guides them."

We would call attention to the complete stock of cabinet furniture at the warehouse of Richard W. Frost, Fourth Avenue. It embraces great variety, ranging from the plainest to the most elaborate. The prices, far below those on Broadway, and the certainty of finding goods what they are represented to be, are features of this house, which people intending to purchase should bear in mind.

FOR ALL FEMALE COMPLAINTS,

In young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or the change of life, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription manifests such a positively remedial influence as to call forth the loudest praise from all who use it.

Mr. JOHN A. KIMZEY, druggist, of Knob Noster, Mo., writes as follows:

"Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., Dear Sir—Your medicines sell better than any other I keep, and give universal satisfaction. The people are especially delighted with your Favorite Prescription, and it seems to be a favorite among all that have ever used it." It is sold among druggists and dealers in medicines.

EVERY LADY HER OWN DRESSMAKER.—A Spring Catalogue showing everything new and desirable for the wear of Ladies, Misses and Children will be sent free on receipt of a three-cent stamp. The handsomest fashion-plate in the market is now ready, and will be mailed to any address for 50 cts., in black, or \$1 if colored. Every second week there is now published in FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL the design of some stylish garment, the pattern of which can be procured at address as below, on receipt of 25 cents. Owing to the recent change in postal rates, we have been obliged to raise the prices of complete Catalogues so as to cover the expense of postage; they can now be procured at any of our agencies, or at 298 Broadway: 50 cents in paper covers, or 75 cents in cloth. Address all orders for any of the above, "FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL CUT PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 298 Broadway, New York City."

We are Happy to State that the price of that well-known favorite brand of Champagne, the old "Piper Heidsieck," has been recently reduced \$2 a Basket, in view of the good prospects for the coming vintage. This reduction will be welcome to all lovers of a really fine Champagne, and in these dull times encourage to indulge in this luxury many who have been compelled to dispense with it for some time.

The Beecher Trial in whatever phase or aspect it is regarded, seems full of gross impurities, requiring a thorough purgation. To eradicate the deep and lasting stain, requires something as effectually cleansing as the wonderful detergent, known as SAPOLIO.

Successful Speculating in Stocks.—The most remarkable instance of making money from a small start is before us. A gentleman invested \$106.25 through Messrs. Tumbidge & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 2 Wall Street, N. Y., who bought him a Call on 100 shares of Union Pacific, on which he made \$2,200 profit. This firm have a prominent banking office at the corner of Wall Street and Broadway. Parties wishing to speculate will find it to their advantage to address them.

Keep your Bird in Health and Song by using SINGER'S PATENT GRAVEL PAPER, for Sale by all Druggists and Bird and Cage Dealers. Depot, 582 Hudson St., N. Y.

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Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megaloscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

Absurd to Think of Using Thread which will rot, or pegs that shrink and fall out. To fasten the soles of boots and shoes to the upper, CABLE SCREW WIRE is the only method that will hold.

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Philip Phillips did a good work in the cause of the Sunday-schools with his singing-book, the "GOSPEL SONGS," which has already been successfully introduced into thousands of Sunday-schools—cheerful words and beautiful melodies. Sample copy by mail, 35 cents. Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.

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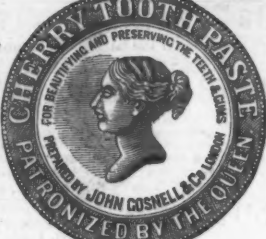
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